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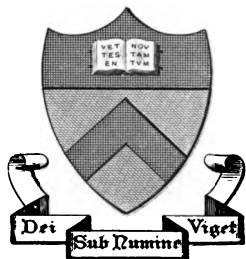
*My last will and testament, by  
Hyacinthe Loyson (Père Hyacinthe)*

Charles Jean Marie Loyson (know a Père Hyacinthe)

Laurance H. Bower

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*Hyacinthe Loyson*

# MY LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

BY  
HYACINTHE LOYSON.  
(PÈRE HYACINTHE)

My Protestation. My Marriage. Before the Veil

"HEC SUNT VEREA NOVI SIMA"

— 1892 —

Translated by

FABIAN WARE, B. L. & S. L. UNIV. COLL.

With an Introduction by

THE VERY REV. FREDERIC W. FARAR, D.D., F.R.S.

DEAN OF CANTERBURY AND CHURCHMAN TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

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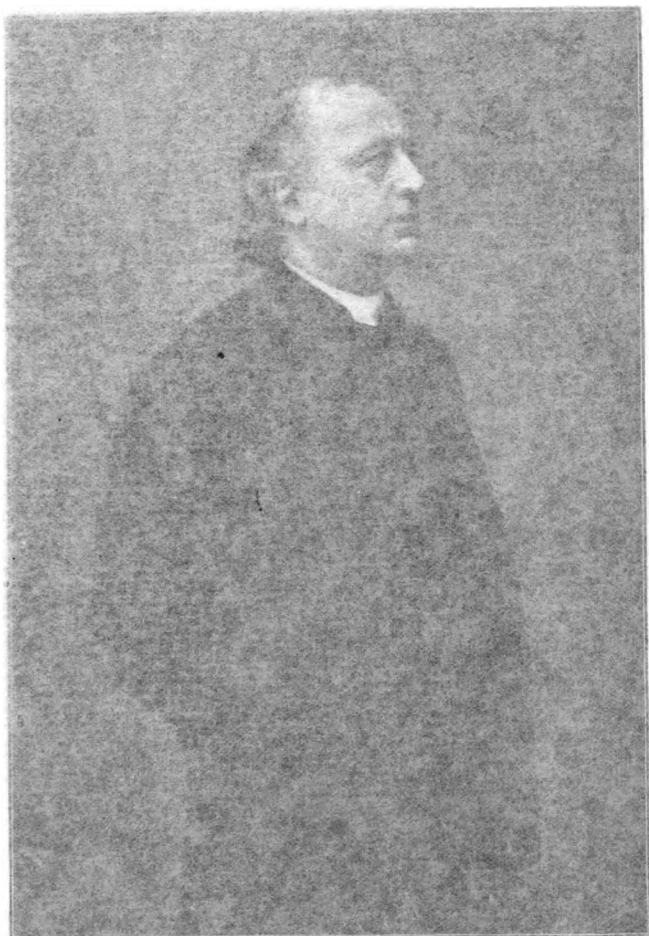
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1892

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*Hyacinthe Loyson*

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"HÆC SUNT VERBA NOVISSIMA"

*2 Samuel XXIII. 1*

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### TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

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My thanks are due to the Very Rev. DEAN FARRAR for his Introduction to my translation of this little book. I must also acknowledge my obligation to several friends for the kind aid they have given me in my work; amongst these I must mention especially the Rev. BRUCE CORNFORD, M.A. It will interest all readers to hear that "Mon Testament" is being translated into several other European languages.

F. W.

*Bradford, April, 1895.*

Y T I E I V I B U  
Y R A S E L L  
L. M. B O T T O M M A N

To  
MY REVERED AND WELL-BELOVED  
MASTER,  
CHARLES - THÉODORE BAUDRY,  
PRINCIPAL OF THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE,  
WHO AT HIS DEATH WAS BISHOP OF PÉRIGUEUX.  
HE NOW LIVES IN GOD.

---

*In memory of his teaching, which he himself summed up in  
these terms:*

“NOTHING MUST BE DESTROYED, ALL MUST  
BE TRANSFORMED.”

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## INTRODUCTION.



I HAVE been asked to say a few words by way of preface to the English translation of "Mon Testament," by Père Hyacinthe. Alike from personal friendship and admiration for him, and from the warmest approval of and sympathy with him in the two great steps which have marked his public life, I feel it a pleasure and a privilege to accede to the request.

The three statements which form the bulk of Père Hyacinthe's farewell address to the generation which he has adorned are followed by other letters and *pièces justificatives* bearing on these subjects. They will furnish all readers with some insight into the life of this brave and blameless man.

Charles Loyson was born at Orleans in 1827. His father was rector of the University of Pau, and he was there educated. His mother was of the noble family of Burnier-Fontanel, of the Château de Reignier, Savoy. The poet Charles Loyson, who died in 1820, was his uncle. In 1845 he became a student at

St. Sulpice; and, after five years of varied theological study, was ordained priest in 1851, and became a professor, first of philosophy at Avignon, then of theology at Nantes. After working for a time at Paris, he entered the convent of Carmelites at Lyons.

In due time his splendid eloquence attracted notice, and he attained the highest honour which can be conferred on a French preacher, by being appointed, before he was forty years old, to deliver the *conférences* at Notre Dame. These *conférences* attracted great attention between the years 1865 and 1869, and no preacher anything like so eloquent had spoken in the great cathedral since the days of Lacordaire. Indeed, Lacordaire himself was struck by the power and dignity of Père Hyacinthe's oratory, and used to say, "It is Loyson who will take my place."

But his views were marked by a breadth of thought and a tolerance of charity which naturally excited anger and suspicion at Rome, and led to open attacks against him and secret delations. This was partly due to the fact that he dealt more fully and more frequently with social questions than with theological dogmas. He was attacked in *L'Univers*; and it has been said that the true Ultramontane school of authority, of blind intolerance and doctrinal bigotry, could not pardon a priest who had tried to reconcile Christianity with modern thought. "Priests

and Jesuits unceasingly pursued him with the tenacity of clerical hatreds." In 1869 he delivered an oration before the Peace Congress, in which he spoke with moderation of Jews and Protestants. This gave still deeper offence, and he was summoned to Rome, where he received a warning. Shocked in his inmost conscience by the impending formal adoption of the false and monstrous dogma of Papal Infallibility, and feeling that his position as a Romish priest was incompatible with the rights of his conscience and his dignity as a man, on September 20th, 1869, he resigned for ever the pulpit of Notre Dame. He addressed to the General of his order the strong and dignified letter which will be found in the following pages. In that letter he formally protested against "doctrines which call themselves Roman and are not Christian, but which, in their ever more and more bold and disastrous encroachments, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis and the form of her teaching, and even the spirit of her piety." After the publication of this manifesto, Monseigneur Dupanloup, the eminent and eloquent Bishop of Orleans, wrote a letter to him, calling him his "*cher confrère*," and entreating him to go and throw himself at the feet of the Holy Father. In his reply, Père Hyacinthe told the Bishop that, so far from regarding the step which he had taken as the commission of a grave fault, he regarded it as the fulfilment of a great duty.



But his breach with the Romish Church was very different from that of De Lamennais; he has always avowed himself as still being a Catholic, but a Gallican rather than a Roman Catholic. Nevertheless, on October 10th, 1869, the greater excommunication was fulminated against him. He sailed to America, and was received in the United States with the utmost enthusiasm.

On his return to France he lived for a time in retirement, but on July 30th, 1870, he made another public protest against the new and historically preposterous dogma of Papal Infallibility. During the German invasion of France he withdrew to London, and in January, 1871, published his appeal to the Catholic Bishops. He subsequently joined the Old Catholic movement, and had much intercourse with the learned and illustrious Döllinger. While remaining a Catholic, he could not, like Père Gratry and so many others, pretend to accept a dogma which he, like them, had ardently opposed, and which he regarded as a flagrant falsity. He expressed his indignation against the system of dishonesty prevalent in the Romish Church, and the deceitful hypocrisy which was consequently practised by men whose natural instincts of rectitude had become radically perverted by an insidious ecclesiasticism.

The next great step of his life showed a courage still more heroic. On August 25th, 1872, he publicly renounced the doctrine of the celibacy of the clergy,

and on September 3rd married an American widow lady named Meriman. Dean Stanley and his wife, Lady Augusta Stanley, were present at the marriage, which took place at a registry office; the religious benediction was given by a distinguished Roman Catholic ecclesiastic. He adopted this course with the fullest consciousness that it would give ground for the coarse contempt and base calumnies of numberless priests and their adherents; but he nevertheless acted thus, as Luther had done before him, with perfect clearness of conviction, and in the belief that he was obeying that call of absolute duty in which he recognised the clear voice of God. In 1873 he went to Geneva, delivered a series of discourses, founded the first Old Catholic Church there, and accepted for a time the ministry which was offered him in that city. His sermon of May 4th, 1873, was famous for its outspoken denunciations of the essentially immoral requirement of compulsory auricular confession.

Subsequently to this he has been for many years at the head of an Old Catholic community in Paris. Many who judge of movements, not by their intrinsic relations to right and wrong, but solely by their outward popularity or success, think that they have branded with error and futility the cause for which Père Hyacinthe has made the great self-sacrifice of his life, when they have attached to it the stigma of unsuccess or of apparent defeat. Those

who read history more honestly and more wisely know how to value such an argument at its true worthlessness. Kings and priests have tried to suppress truth and righteousness times without number by fire and stake, just as the representatives of an apostate Church tried to suppress Christianity at its foundation ; but

“Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—  
The eternal years of God are hers ;  
But Error wounded writhes in pain  
And dies amid her worshippers.”

The motto of Père Hyacinthe is “*Futura prospice!*”

And it is to him, as it has been to all God's best saints, the best proof of his utter faithfulness, that he has for years been made the mark for the abuse and scorn of all conventional believers and sacerdotal organs, and of the countless unscrupulous opponents

“Of whom to be dispraised is no small praise.”

It was the lot of Christ Himself to be called a Samaritan and a demoniac by priests and Pharisees ; and “if they called the Master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of His household !”

In both the great acts of his life Père Hyacinthe has protested for the royal law of liberty against the tyrannous sacerdotalism which ever tries to rivet its paralysing bonds upon the necks of mankind, by teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.

Neither the Pope nor any other ecclesiastic, or body of ecclesiastics, has the faintest right to create a new dogma. For Christians there can be no ultimate authority but the Gospel of Christ and the teaching of the New Testament. Even Cardinal Bellarmine denied that Papal Infallibility was a matter of faith; and Jean Gerson, the "Doctor Christianissimus," the not improbable author of the best part of the "*Imitatio Christi*," rejected the doctrine altogether. No doctrine more utterly baseless, or in more flagrant disaccord with all the facts of history for nearly two millenniums, was ever imposed on the fettered intellect or boundless credulity of mankind. The temporal power of the Popes was built for centuries on the imposture of a sham Donation and of forged Decretals; and "to prove the dogma of Papal Infallibility from Christian history, nothing less is required than a complete falsification of it"—a falsification by which, according to one of the most learned Romanists of this century, the Jesuits "have already performed the most incredible feats."

As for clerical celibacy, the imposition of it on the priesthood is in the most absolute defiance of the teaching of Scripture and of primitive practice. It has been condemned by numberless voices among Romanists themselves; and the utter disastrousness of the results which it has caused, and still causes, has been for centuries the scorn of the satirist and the grief of the Christian. Few ordinances have

been branded by history with more damning reprobation.

In repudiating Papal Infallibility and sacerdotal celibacy, Père Hyacinthe showed an invincible spirit of rectitude and honesty, for which he will receive the respect and gratitude of ages yet to come.

F. W. FARRAR.

## TO THE READER.



I HAVE considered it to be my duty to publish in this little volume three letters, the two first of which are no longer in print, and the last is only recently written.

I have added, in an Appendix, some documents which may prove of interest to all friends of religious reform.

These three letters explain the three principal acts of my life militant, while at the same time they correspond with the three principal reforms of Christian society.

By the first, announcing my withdrawal from the most renowned pulpit in the world, that of Notre Dame de Paris, I protested against Papal Infallibility, even before that Council, which was not allowed liberty of discussion, had formed of it a false dogma. I was thus the first, though unaware of it myself, to become what has since been termed an Old Catholic.

By my second letter, written on the eve of my marriage, when celibacy was still held to be obligatory by the Old Catholics themselves, I affirmed by word and deed the inalienable right of all priests to Christian marriage.

It seems to me that the complication of errors

and abuses in the Roman system arises from these two points, one dogmatic and the other moral, and that consequently it is with these that a serious reform of the Church must begin.

After resigning the charge which I had held in the Catholic-Gallican Church since its foundation, I faced my conscience and God, as if at the hour of death, my third act being to write and affirm once more the truth of those principles to which my friends and myself have consecrated our lives.

Far from thinking of retreat, as one so often does at my time of life, I am more than ever persuaded that we must march forward in the paths of a Liberalism which is not only orthodox—that is taken for granted—but which is also broad, generous, and beneficent. As for the success, in France and the rest of the world, of the enterprise undertaken by the Old Catholics, it would not be fair to estimate it by its immediate and, if I may so say, material results. Let us rather look at the immense progress that our ideas have made in the minds and hearts of men.

Just now it is not so much a question of organising the present as of preparing for the future.

*Futura prospice !*

HYACINTHE LOYSON.

## I—MY PROTESTATION.



*To the General of the Barefooted Carmelites, Rome.*

Paris-Passy, *September 20th*, 1869.

VERY REVEREND FATHER,—During the five years of my ministry at Notre Dame de Paris, in spite of the open attacks and secret accusations of which I have been the object, your esteem and confidence have never for one moment failed me. In evidence of this I possess many letters written in your own hand, which relate as much to my preaching as to myself. Come what may, I shall always cherish a grateful recollection of this fact.

To-day, however, a sudden change has taken place. It is not in your heart that its cause is to be sought, but in the intrigues of a party which is all-powerful at Rome. What once you encouraged you now reproach; you censure that of which you formerly approved; and you demand from me a mode of speaking, or a silence, neither of which would any longer be the complete and honest expression of my conscience.

I do not hesitate for a moment. I can never again enter the pulpit of Notre Dame, to have my words perverted by official orders or mutilated by specified reservations. I express my regret for this



to the learned and courageous Archbishop who gave me admission to that pulpit and supported me there against the ill-will of those men to whom I have just alluded. I express my regret to the imposing congregation by whom I was there surrounded, that congregation who gave me their attention and their sympathy—I had almost said their friendship. I should be unworthy of them and my Bishop, I should dishonour my conscience and God, if I consented to act such a part towards them. At the same time I withdraw from my convent, which has become for me, in my altered circumstances, a prison of the soul. In acting thus, I am in no way unfaithful to my vows. I have indeed promised monastic obedience, but only so far as is consistent with the integrity of my conscience and the dignity of my person and ministry. I promised this under privilege of that higher law of justice, the “royal law of liberty,” which, according to the apostle St. James, is the proper law of the Christian.

Ten years have passed since, in an outburst of enthusiasm bereft of all human calculation—I dare not add free from every illusion of youth—I came to seek in the cloister the most perfect observance of that holy liberty. If to-day I am offered bondage in return for my sacrifices, not only have I the right, but it is my duty to reject it. The present is a solemn hour. The Church is passing through one of the most violent, one of the darkest, one of the most

decisive crises of her existence on earth. For the first time in three hundred years an Ecumenical Council has not only been convened, but declared *necessary*—I quote the words of the Holy Father. It is not at a moment such as this that a preacher of the Gospel, be he the least of all, can consent to hold his peace like those “dumb dogs” of Israel, the unfaithful guardians whom the prophet upbraids because “they could not bark”:—“*Canes muti, non valentes latrare.*”

The saints have never held their peace; I am not one of them, but at any rate I know that I come of that stock—*fili sanctorum sumus*—and it has ever been my ambition to tread in their footsteps, and to leave my tears—even, if necessary, my blood—in the track of theirs.

I raise, then, my protest before the Holy Father and the Council: the protest of a Christian and a priest against those forms and doctrines which are called Roman, but which are not Christian, and which, in their ever more and more bold and disastrous encroachments, tend to change the constitution of the Church, the basis as well as the form of her teaching, and even the spirit of her piety. I protest against the act of those who are striving their utmost to bring about a divorce, as impious as it is mad, between the Church, who with regard to eternity is our Mother, and the society of the nineteenth century, whose sons we are with regard to time, and to whom

also we are united by the ties of love and duty. I protest against this radical and still more alarming opposition to human nature, whom these false teachers have attacked and shocked in her most holy and indestructible aspirations. Above all, I protest against the sacrilegious perversion of the Gospel of the Son of God Himself, the spirit and letter of which are both alike trampled under foot by the pharisaism of the new decree.

It is my most profound conviction that if France in particular, and the Latin races in general, become plunged in social, moral, and religious anarchy, the chief cause is to be found, certainly not in Catholicism itself, but in the long-existing misconception and misobservance of Catholicism.

I appeal to the Council now about to meet, to seek remedies for our excessive wrongs, and to apply them gently but firmly. But if any feelings of fear, which I am determined not to share, happen to be shown; if that august assembly have not more freedom in its deliberations than it has thus far had in its preparations; if, in short, it be deprived of those characteristics essential to an Ecumenical Council, I will raise my voice to God and man to demand another, truly assembled in the Holy Spirit, and not in the spirit of faction, really representative of the Church Universal, and not merely of the silence of some and of the oppression of others. "For the hurt of the daughter of my people am I hurt; I utter cries

of sorrow ; astonishment hath taken hold on me. Is there no balm in Gilead ? is there no physician there ? Why then is not the wound of the daughter of my people closed ?" (Jeremiah viii.).

And lastly, I appeal to Thy Tribunal, O Lord Jesus ! *Ad tuum, Domine Jesu, tribunal appello !* It is in Thy presence that I have written these lines. It is at Thy feet that, after much meditation, after much suffering and long waiting, I sign them. I have this confidence : that, if men condemn them upon earth, Thou wilt approve of them in Heaven. In that assurance I am content to live and die.

BROTHER HYACINTHE,

*Superior of the Barefooted Carmelites of  
Paris, second definitor of the Order in  
the Province of Arignon.*

## II.—MY MARRIAGE.



### *Letter on my Marriage.*

Paris, *July 25th*, 1872.

I have just come to a determination which in its nature relates to my private life, for it is associated with all that most closely affects me, with all that I hold to be most precious and sacred.

My position as a priest, which I neither wish nor am able to renounce, gives it, in spite of myself, a startling publicity—I may even say a fearful solemnity. If for me marriage were only a personal satisfaction, I would not for one moment contemplate it. I know only too well that the pure and humble home I am preparing for myself will be insulted by some and deserted by others, and that bitter sorrow will be mingled with its joys.

But what distresses me most is that I shall have offended many souls, that I shall have scandalised—unwillingly, all will allow—but still that I shall have scandalised many of those little ones who believe in Christ, and for any one of whom I would gladly die. I am providing wicked and thoughtless men—two numerous classes, whom mankind is only too prone to follow—with a new and powerful weapon, not only against myself, but against my cause. “He wished to

marry," they will cry on all sides, "and he had not the courage to own it. He spoke about the doctrine of Infallibility, and it was but a pretext. This grand drama ends in a farce."

I have already resolved not to reply to the attacks of which I shall be the object; but I wish, once for all, to give the thoughtful, and more especially the Christian, public a few explanations. These perforce assume the character of a confession, but I look upon them as a duty that I owe those consciences which my example will necessarily either perplex or enlighten. If I had left my convent with the intention of marrying—which is not the case—I would own it without the least hesitation, for I should have done nothing that I could not openly avow before those who place natural law, with its inviolable rights and duties, above human laws, and especially above imaginary engagements. What is guilty and shameful is to trail along, without conviction and often without morality, a chain of obligations to which one no longer adheres, save for the prejudice of the world and the consideration of personal interests. What ought to excite one's reprobation—what I, for my part, have always held in horror—is not marriage, but sin! Though adhering unswervingly to the principles of the Catholic Church, I do not feel myself in any way bound by its abuses, and I am persuaded that perpetual vows rank amongst the most baneful of these. Luther's error was not in that chaste and pious

marriage, which the majority of those who anathematise him ought to imitate, but solely in his rupture with the lawful traditions and necessary unity of the Church.

I repeat then, even if I had left my convent in order to marry, if I had sacrificed the glorious pulpit of Notre Dame de Paris to a great and legitimate affection of the soul, or perhaps to the dictates of my conscience, I should not think that I had done anything which needed apology. But if I had not had the courage and sincerity of my convictions; if, to pave the way better for my private schemes, I had cloaked them beneath dogmatic questions, I should have been guilty, very guilty, and should deserve to see myself disowned and scorned by all honest hearts.

Only, let me observe, this shameful calculation would at the same time have been very absurd. In face of the deep-rooted and unbounded prejudice which has prevailed for centuries amongst the Latin races, and especially amongst the French people, I could not have innocently hoped that a few pamphlets against Papal Infallibility and compulsory celibacy would change, as by enchantment, the current of opinion. By affirming, as I have not ceased to do for one instant, and as I now again do, that I intend to remain a Catholic and a priest, I should in no wise better my practical position in regard to marriage. On the contrary, I should aggravate it, and create for myself—to a certain extent wilfully—a situation

which would appear to the majority of people illogical, untenable, and useless.

If, indeed, I had thus trifled with my own conscience and the consciences of others; if for me the most formidable problems of religion were mere pretexts for the gratification of interests and passions, I need only have offered Protestantism an insult which it does not merit, and, imposing on the implicit confidence of the eminent friends that I number in its ranks, I should have found amongst them the justification which I might seek in vain in my opposition to the Council and the doctrine of Infallibility.

No; my marriage has no connection with my religious convictions, nor with my act of September 20th, 1869—or rather I should say it is most intimately connected with them, but in that noble and general way in which all the steps achieved by a soul in progress towards light and liberty are connected with one another. I will explain my meaning with the utmost candour. I owe to religious celibacy some of the most exquisite joys, some of the most profound and decisive experiences, of my existence. From the age of eighteen, when I chose it as my lot, I have observed it with a fidelity for which I give glory to God. If now, at the age of forty-five, in the calmness as well as in the maturity of my judgment, of my heart, of my conscience—in a word, of my whole being—I believe that it is my duty to renounce it, it is because marriage comes home to me



as one of those moral laws which cannot be set aside without wrecking one's life and opposing the will of God. I do not say that this law is imposed on all. I believe that celibacy may be a holy and glorious exception. I only say that I feel myself bound to obey this law without delay. When a man has received in his heart, as another exception no less rare, holy, and glorious than the former, that pure and lofty love in which the world does not believe because it is not worthy of it, that man, be he priest or be he monk, has the most absolute proof that he is not of the number of those self-dedicated victims of whom the Gospel speaks. Such a man am I, and once more I give glory to God for what He has wrought in me. His works may appear contradictory, but their true harmony is known to Him. When I was on the point of being abandoned and disowned by my friends and my kinsmen, exiled step by step from my Church, from my country, from my family, He sent on my solitary and desolate path a noble and holy affection, a sublime devotion, poor in the goods of this world, but rich in the gifts of the intellect and heart; and when all else had given way, alone, or almost alone, this support was left me. Surely this support would not be what it needs must be, I should not recognise the gift which God has given me, were I to hesitate any longer to seek for it the consecration of Christian marriage.

And why should it be otherwise? I see no

reasons which forbid me to marry; for I cannot accept the ecclesiastical law as such, and still less the prejudices of my fellow-countrymen.

I will always submit myself to the laws of the Church, so long as I am not called upon to recognise as such what Jesus Christ, speaking to the Pharisees of the ancient people, called even then "commandments of men, which make the commandments of God of none effect" (St. Matt. xv. 6, 9). It is freely admitted that celibacy is not an article of faith; we must go further, and acknowledge that it is not a Catholic discipline at all, but merely a discipline of the Latin Church.\* To-day, in the East, the Catholic clergy still marry with the full approbation of the Holy See. It is true that such marriages must precede, and not follow, ordination; but this restriction, besides being fraught with inconvenience, is worthless when sound reasoning is brought to bear on it. It in no way prevents the following principle from remaining in full force, namely that, in the opinion of the Church, there

\* See the two magnificent addresses, "*pro conjugii libertate*," which the learned Andrew Dudith of Buda, Bishop of Tinina, delivered before the Council of Trent. It is well known that at this same Council the King of France and the Emperor of Germany earnestly besought the abolition of the ecclesiastical law enforcing celibacy. The Pope, Pius IV., replied as follows:—"It is evident that if the marriage of the clergy were sanctioned it would sever them from their dependence on the Holy See, as their affections would be turned aside from it, and would centre in their wives, their children, and their country; to allow them to marry would mean the destruction of the hierarchy, and would lower the rank of Pope to that of a mere bishop of Rome."

is no real incompatibility between these two great sacraments of ordination and marriage.\*

The prejudice to the contrary arises from a perversion of moral ideas which one is rightly amazed to find among Christian nations. How came they to form this base and infamous conception of marriage, as repugnant to the delicate and noble instincts of the heart as to the teachings of revelation? Indeed, if marriage is but a concession to the infirmity or even to the passions of our nature, I own that it is degradation and defilement for a priest; but then I am at a loss to see how it can be reconciled with the dignity that baptism confers and the holiness that it demands. Moreover, to be logical it would be necessary, like Tatian, to forbid marriage to all true Christians. But no, a thousand times no! Christian marriage, the only marriage of which I speak, is not a concession to our frailty. It is not even a mere means of perpetuating our race. It is, if I may be allowed to quote myself, "the most complete, the most intimate, and the most holy of all unions which can exist between two human beings." Thus I defined it five years ago in the pulpit of Notre Dame, and I added, with St. Paul and the whole Catholic tradition, that since the Gospel it has become the mysterious and radiant emblem of the union of Christ with His Church:

\* Married priests, belonging to the Oriental branch, in full submission to the Pope, may be seen daily in the Church of the Propaganda at Rome saying mass concurrently with celibate priests of the Latin Church.

"*Sacramentum hoc magnum est, ego autem dico in Christo et in Ecclesia*" (Ephesians v. 32). It is because the teaching of the Apostles and the example of the early Christians have ceased to be understood, that the union of husband and wife has ceased to be regarded as honourable in all, "*Honorabile connubium in omnibus*" (Hebrews xiii. 4), and that it is considered incompatible with the state of a perfect life; and, lastly, it is on this account that men think only with horror of the proximity of the eucharistic altar and that family hearth, which ought itself also to be a sanctuary, and in a certain sense the first of all sanctuaries!

Another error, no less baneful and widespread, consists in regarding the state of celibacy as capable of becoming an eternal bond. Precisely because it affects what is most personal, most delicate, and, I must add, most perilous in the relations of the soul with God, celibacy must remain at each moment of its duration the work of grace and liberty.

To attract the small number of exceptional beings who are fitted for this state, and to assist them to maintain it, belongs to the Holy Spirit alone. But no human authority, neither of Councils nor of Popes, has the power to enforce as an eternal commandment that which Jesus Christ Himself only offered as a mere suggestion. "Now, concerning virgins," wrote the Apostle St. Paul to the Corinthians, "I have no commandment of the Lord; yet I give my counsel"

(1 Cor. vii. 25). It is the Church's mission to hand down this suggestion throughout the ages to all men, without enforcing it on any ; and, if I may venture to speak my whole mind, there is not a single instance in which the Church can forbid marriage to her priests, but there are a thousand in which she ought to command it.

The individual has not the power of absolutely renouncing a right, which at each moment and in divers ways is susceptible of changing into a duty. When questioned by me about the liberty of priests and monks with regard to marriage, one of the most learned and pious bishops of the Roman Church—it will be understood why I suppress his name—wrote to me as follows : “Such a step is always lawful, often necessary, and sometimes a sacred duty” ! Similar convictions exist in the most enlightened minds, especially in the minds of those who have the light of experience and who are alive to the state of the clergy and the practical conditions of human life. If they do not give vent to their opinions with sufficient freedom, it is owing to that yoke of iron which lies heavily upon bishop and priest alike, and also owing to the guilty connivance of public opinion.

I have alluded to public opinion. As much as I respect it in its lawful manifestations and demands, so much do I despise it when only founded on prejudice. To halt before prejudice is to halt before an unreality, and at the same time to endow that shadowy phantom

with a bodily form and power. Is not this, however, what is done every day, and, owing to childish fears and hypocritical considerations, done by the very minds best fitted to redress the errors of their times? O fatal power of falsehood, which has ruined, and is still ruining, our unhappy country! This it is which obliges me at the present moment to go to a foreign land, there to seek the consecration that the law—or, to speak more correctly, the legal authorities—of the France of 1872 would refuse to my marriage,\*

\* The laws of France are not opposed to the marriage of priests; they are, on the contrary, openly in favour of it. The opposition which exists arises from the false interpretations of the law given by the tribunals, and especially by the Court of Appeal, the supreme tribunal. This is what M. Odilon Barrot says on the subject: "Our laws have formally prohibited all perpetual engagements, and do not recognise the right of the citizen to renounce his liberty for ever. Very well, then! Here is an entire class of citizens who, owing to the decree with which we are dealing, will be held in the bonds of a perpetual engagement without ever being able to free themselves, neither by their own will nor even by the loss of those functions to which their engagement relates. It is impossible to ignore the laws of the country more formally and directly" (*De l'organisation judiciaire en France.* Paris: Didier, 1872, p. 170).

"What!" M. Jules Favre cries eloquently, "is it possible that after the mind of man has striven its utmost to arrive at a rational and precise legislation, that after so many nights of toil, after so much noble work and profound criticism, after legitimately aspiring to an administration which shall assign to every man his rights and duties, is it possible that we are even yet obliged to hesitate about so capital a point as this, which calls into question the whole civil law and the liberty of conscience?" (*Débats sur la question du mariage des prêtres.* Périgueux, 1862, p. 10).

A few pages further on, speaking no longer of the civil but of the ecclesiastical law of celibacy, M. Jules Favre says, no less truly and eloquently: "This law, which is considered to be an ark of holiness

because I have the honour, and at the same time the misfortune, to be a priest. But no further will I yield. With head erect and heart undaunted, neither in fear nor in anger, I will return, and nothing shall hinder me from dwelling on this soil or from breathing this air, both of which are dear to me and ever will be, in spite of the iniquities that pollute them. Nothing shall hinder me from claiming for each of my brethren in the priesthood the legal right to Christian marriage, that primary right, the violation of which among an entire class of citizens—nay, in the person of a single man—would suffice to bring the legislation of a people under the ban of all truly civilised nations.

Yes, I am convinced of it; France and the Church have both alike need of the example that I set them. As to its fruits, the future, in default of the present, will reap these. I am aware of the true state of my country, and, when she has been willing to listen to my voice, I have preached to her salvation through family ties. Ruthlessly drawing aside the sumptuous and delusive veil of the prosperity that she then enjoyed, I laid bare the two wounds which consume her, and which are the parents of one and safety, is in truth an altar with two sides; on the one I hear the groans of victims, on the other the blasphemies of those in revolt" (*Ibid.*, p. 42).

(I re-edit these pages in 1893, more than twenty years after first writing them. I am thankful to be able to say that the Court of Appeal has at last reconciled its jurisprudence with the law, and has proclaimed, in a solemn decree, the full right of all priests to marriage.)

another—"marriage without love, and love without marriage, which amounts to saying, marriage and love without Christianity." (*Conférences sur la Famille*, 1866.) I am aware of the true state of our clergy. I know of the self-sacrifice and virtues within its ranks. But I am not ignorant of the fact that a large number of its members need to be reconciled with the interests, the affections, and the duties of human nature, as well as with those of the community at large. It is only by tearing himself away from the traditions of a blind asceticism, and of a theocracy still more political than religious, that the priest will become once more a man and a citizen. He will find himself, at the same time, more truly a priest. "Let him rule well his own house," says St. Paul, "having his children in subjection with all gravity. For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the Church of God?" (1 Timothy iii. 4, 5).

Such is the reform without which, I venture to say, all others will be delusive and unfruitful. Let us leave the Spirit of God, if we believe in His power, to maintain in our midst a chosen body of priests and Sisters of Mercy, whose ever free and voluntary celibacy may be truly a state of purity and joy, or at least of peace in self-sacrifice. But, at the same time, let us hasten the moment when the laws of the Church and of France \* will establish in freedom, in chastity,

\* Among the instructions given to Cardinal Consalvi during the negotiations concerning the Concordat, there were some referring to



and in dignity, the marriage of priests—that is to say, the concentration in a model home of all the influences of family life and religion.

I am as nothing, O my God, but I feel myself called by Thee to break these chains which Thou hast never forged, and which weigh so grievously—often, alas! so ignominiously—upon the holy people of Thy priesthood. I am but a sinner, and yet Thy grace has made me strong to brave the tyranny of opinion, to refuse to bow myself before the prejudice of my time and country, and sufficiently upright to act as if there were naught in the world save my conscience and Thee.

HYACINTHE LOYSON, *Priest.*

the marriage of priests. The Court of Rome was disposed to consent to this change, provided that it received other advantages in compensation. It was the Government of the First Consul, less liberal in this respect than the Most Christian King at the Council of Trent, which refused to take this step, alleging that public opinion was too strongly opposed to it.

My authority for this remarkable and almost unknown fact is the eminent Dean Stanley, who has recorded it in his works, and who assured me personally that he learnt it from the former Duc de Broglie and from M. Guizot. The latter added this observation, in which, I regret to say, there is a good deal of truth: "There are many people in France who do not believe in the existence of God, but who believe in the celibacy of priests!"

### III.—BEFORE THE VEIL.



Paris, *Whit-Sunday, May 21st, 1893.*

#### THIS IS MY TESTAMENT.

The days of a man, according to the Psalmist, are threescore years and ten. I have completed threescore and six. Thus I await on the brink of my grave the sentence of God, who will judge us all.

At the age of eighteen I tore myself away from all I loved in this world, from all that I dreamed of in it, and became a priest. At the age of thirty I left St. Sulpice, that grave and gentle priestly family which I had chosen as my own, and became a monk. Twelve years later, having emerged from many sincere but disastrous illusions, I broke off my career as a preacher in the height of success—I may even say in its full glory. Of my own free will I came down from the pulpit of Notre Dame to combat face to face the worst of caesarisms, that of the Papacy—the worst of illusions, that of monastic perfection.

I was excommunicated, but I remained a Catholic. The Pope can indeed cut one off from the visible Church, over which he presides, but not from the invisible Church, whose Head is Christ. I went to the very extreme in my holy claims for Christian liberty; three years after my excommunication I

married without renouncing my priesthood. On that day I accomplished the most logical, the most courageous, I had almost said the most Christian, act of my life.

All these events followed one another in broken succession, painful and inconsistent in appearance, but in reality constant and progressive as the development of the conscience and the purposes of God.

If I had to begin my life over again, passing through the same inward experiences, the same outward circumstances, I would not act otherwise. I bear with confidence the responsibility of these actions before the tribunal of the Supreme Judge.

My faults are to be found elsewhere. They are many, and for them I invoke that mercy which is infinite. But here I only appeal to justice.

My entire life has been consecrated to two causes, which I have always considered as one—the cause of France and the cause of the Church.

I have loved France passionately; but true patriotism is without a trace of selfishness or envy. I have loved my country as a province of this Europe of ours, even as Europe itself is a province of the world. I am too Christian, too Catholic, in the true sense of the word, not to be cosmopolitan. I remained so even after the terrible war of 1870. That awakening of national feeling, which fired my youth with enthusiasm, and which was partly the work of my own country, has turned against us, I trust only for

the time being, and that because our statesmen have abused it, some of whom were traitors and others wanting in foresight. These are the great culprits who have led Europe, as yet the metropolis of Christianity and civilisation, on to meet that ruin with which Montesquieu threatened her a century and a half ago. "Her warriors will prove the destruction of Europe." War between nations and war between classes, militarism and socialism without end, a two-fold barbarism in comparison with which that of the fifth century were almost an idyll, and from which a miracle of wisdom and moral courage alone can save us.

The boasted panacea of the Republic has not restored France; and Providence, in allowing this noble form of government to continue so long with such small results, seems to have had the intention of destroying the sort of superstition with which it was regarded. Republicanism is no more a dogma than a heresy. In England or Italy, for instance, constitutional monarchy is preferable to it. All this is relative, however, and in these matters nothing is absolute, save freedom in submission to authority and progress in due order. But in France at the present moment a clearly-defined and well-administered Republic is alone capable of securing us these great benefits.

After the appalling downfall of the Empire, after the well-earned discredit of all monarchical parties,

after the clearly-proved incapacity of all pretenders to the throne, the Republic is the only, I will not say durable, but possible, form of government. It is the only barrier that can be opposed to the equally threatening forces of anarchy and reaction. It alone can be effectively instrumental in realising those reforms which are ever being promised and are ever deferred.

But I do not believe in a Republic based on Positivism and Atheism, even though the Pope has just contracted an alliance with it. The Pope and the Czar cannot take the place of the conscience and God.

It would be sad for those who love her to see France outlive herself indefinitely under such conditions. Is the fate of the Rhine her destiny too—to end in a swamp after having been a noble river?

It is the Church, however, and not France, which is most to blame. The Church might have saved France and the world, because she is in possession of the Gospel, which contains the promises of the present life and at the same time of the life to come. Instead of this what has she done? She has never ceased to dream of gaining temporal power and of promoting clerical reactions, amongst others the one which she conceals at the present moment—not very cleverly, I admit—beneath the guise of a Catholic Republic and of Christian Socialism. She has stifled in the souls of men that worship “in spirit and in truth” which

her Divine Founder bequeathed to her as the very essence of His religion. She has striven her utmost to supplant this by puerile performances, by grotesque legends, and by pilgrimages—popular, alas! in proportion as they are pagan.

“Save ye Rome and France,  
In the name of the Sacred Heart!”

Nothing of the kind has been saved. The ruin of all things has been consummated by the development, in truly unheard-of proportions, of fanaticism and irreligion, those two scourges, the one productive of the other, under which we groan.

“Ye have a zeal of God,” I might say to my co-religionists, as St. Paul said to his, “ye have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge, and it is owing to you that that Name is blasphemed which ought to be blessed by all the earth.”

I have never abjured Catholicism. I have never replied by anathema or insult to the insults and anathemas heaped upon me. I have hoped against hope. I have even said that perhaps one day a successor to Pius IX. and Leo XIII. would rise alike above the opportunism of the latter and the intransigence of the former, and become a true reformer—that he would reform and transform the Church, beginning with the Papacy, and thus lay the foundation of a new era. It would be a miracle, I allow; but as earnestly as I reject false miracles, so earnestly do I pray for real ones. If God, with whom all things

are possible, should indeed raise up such a Pope, the world would not have seen so great a man since the times of the Prophets and Apostles, nor so great a day since that of our Redemption!

But the night lasts ever; it grows even darker, in spite of deceptive gleams here and there; in vain we cry to the sentinel of Israel: "Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night?"\* Whether he be an enthusiast or diplomatist, our sentinel sees nothing. The dawn of the future shines not before eyes blindfolded by the infallibility of the past.

As for me, I have toiled all my life in this night, guided by that dim light which is never quite extinguished in the hearts of believers. Since the Council of the Vatican I have belonged, as formerly, to the selfsame cause—the cause of religious and social progress as well as of Catholic conservation. God has made use of my services to found two churches—one in Geneva, the other in Paris. I have just handed over the charge of the latter to the Archbishop of Utrecht, thus contributing to the installation of an episcopate in France whose apostolic succession Rome herself does not dispute, and which commands respect as much by its virtues as by its doctrines.

The Church of Utrecht claims to hold the ancient Catholic faith, and repudiates the charge of Jansenism.

\* "Custos, quid de nocte?" (Isaiah xxi. 11).

I do the same. Whilst admiring our great school of Port Royal, I am not blind to its imperfections. Its Christianity was of too harsh and gloomy a type. It did not sufficiently adapt itself to that beautiful maxim of St. Thomas Aquinas, "Grace destroyeth not nature, but perfecteth it." These Dutch priests are not coming here to found a branch of their own Church. They are coming to second us, with a disinterestedness only equalled by their zeal, in the restoration of the ancient Church of France, to which their dearest traditions attach them. They are prepared to withdraw as soon as we are able to do without them and can support a bishop of our own. I trust that the Parliament and Government of that day may abolish the Concordat by which we are fettered, or at least modify it, so as to render the constitution of a truly national Church possible for Gallicans and Liberals, who form by far the largest party among the Catholics. Whatever may befall me, my work is done. I shall not have lived in vain.

Freed from my pastoral cares, if there are still left me some few years of toil upon this earth, I will devote them to the free preaching of Catholic reform in France.

And here let it be carefully observed, it is not merely a question of the rejection of certain new or even ancient doctrines, as contrary to history and common-sense as they are to the Gospel; nor is it a question of the acceptance of certain reforms of liturgy



or discipline, in themselves most important—such as liberty of confession for the laity and liberty of marriage for the clergy. It is not even a question of the revival—which is, by the way, as impossible as it is inadequate—of the Gallicanism of Bossuet; nor even of that inspired by the Councils of Constance and of Basle; nor of that still more ancient and radical Gallicanism which preceded the false Decretals.

The Roman Catholics claim to carry us back to the Middle Ages, which was indeed a very great epoch. The orthodox Protestants content themselves with the sixteenth century, which was also a great epoch in its way. The Catholic Reformers must not, on their side, dream of a retrograde movement, as if Christianity had had its last say in those seven Oriental Councils, venerable though they be, and as if Byzantium were to replace Rome with another infallibility and another immobility!

Woe to the Churches who look back as did Lot's wife. Like her, they also will be changed, if they are not already changed, into very monuments of death. Undoubtedly we must cling to the past tenaciously, piously, fervently, according to the divine tradition of our origin. Our starting-point is the Judæo-Christian past; the faith which it has bequeathed us is our strength and support. Let us be true to it, but let us not forget that our goal is elsewhere: in the great future which is opening up before us, and without which the past would lose all value.

God was not able to reveal certain truths to simple and illiterate people such as were the early Christians, for men of that stamp could not appreciate them; nor could the Apostles who were of their number. Jesus Christ stated this distinctly, adding that the Spirit would one day guide His Church into all truth, and would show her things to come. St. Augustine, that old master of orthodoxy, remarks on this point that it would be "a most absurd temerity" to maintain that the Eternal Truth cannot be revealed to men with greater fulness than hitherto.\* But clearly the new revelations will never be in contradiction to the old. Truth never contradicts truth, even in surpassing it, but explains and supplements it. The more I reflect on this, the more fully am I persuaded that Catholic Christianity is approaching a radical transformation. It seems that the Lord has said a second time, as by the Prophet: "For behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind" (Isaiah lxxv. 17).

We shall religiously preserve the oracles of the Prophets of Israel and Apostles of Christianity, the teachings of all the inspired Saints of the two Testaments; but we shall no longer confound, as has too often been done, the Word of God with that human alloy, from which a sound exegesis is every day

\* Quoted by Father Lambert, a Dominican, in a work which is now, unfortunately, very scarce: "*Exposition des prédictions et des promesses faites à l'Eglise pour les derniers temps de la Gentilité*" (Paris, 1806, vol. ii. p. 349).

purging it. That God has spoken to men is beyond doubt; but He has spoken to them through other men, belonging to a more or less uncivilised race, and in times which were relatively inferior and often even barbarous. In this world it is impossible for God to reveal Himself otherwise. He respects the laws of psychology and history, since they are His own laws. It was of such a revelation as this that St. Paul, one of the most illustrious of its exponents, did not hesitate to say, "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. . . . When I became a man I put away childish things." And again it is St. Paul who says: "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."

Because it is the supreme, that is no reason why the Bible should be the only, revelation. God, as the same Apostle said, has not wished to leave Himself without witness, even in the hearts of those nations whom He suffered "to walk in their own ways;" and there is something of Him in all the great religions which have presided over the providential development of mankind. It is not true that one religion is as good as another; but neither is it true that, with the exception of one alone, all are worthless. The Christianity of the future, more just than that of the past, will assign to each its place in the work of "the preparation of the Gospel," which the old doctors discerned in paganism, and which is not yet

accomplished. It will refrain from pronouncing on those divers foreshadowings of the final creed the stern reprobation that they in no wise merit. It will guide them, after so much opposition and so many struggles, towards that glorious and harmonious whole, which will have nothing in common with the worthless and confused medley, of which the pantheists and the indifferent alike have dreamt.

Then, but not before, the human race will become one flock under one Shepherd, the Word made flesh, Jesus Christ.\* Let us not ignore science, which is also a revelation no less sure than the other, and, like it, at once divine and human. The clergy of the different Churches have not attached due importance to it, and have thus helped to create or maintain an antagonism, as baneful as it is ill-founded, between

\* These doctrines have always been held by the Carmelite Order, to which I belonged for ten years of my life, and of which I always retain a reverent recollection. May I be allowed to quote here some lines from "*L'Histoire de France*" of my friend M. Henri Martin?—"The Carmelite Order was never the most powerful, but it was the most popular of the mendicant orders, and at the same time the most liberal and broad-minded. They had all the enthusiasm of the Franciscans, without their theatrical ways and fanaticism. Even their superstitions had something human and generous in them; for example, their famous scapular was, they believed, sent by the Virgin as a universal safeguard against Hell. But what renders them most interesting in the eyes of philosophy is the breadth and daring of their tendencies. They claim to be connected with all the great recluses and with the most illustrious religions and philosophical associations of antiquity. The Carmelites include, in a sort of Christianity prior to Christ, the Druids and Pythagoreans, whom they maintain to be their immediate founders" (vol. v. p. 114, *note*).

reason and faith. The correction of the human and defective formulæ of our teaching, such as occur in our catechisms, sacred histories, and treatises of theology, is then a matter of importance; nay, it is one which calls for immediate attention. They must be brought into harmony with the results of scientific research with reference to historic and prehistoric periods, and also with those attained by geology and astronomy, by moral and political philosophy.

I will give two instances of this, chosen somewhat at random. Theology will not cease to teach the creation of man and the world—the fundamental doctrine of all—but it will no longer assign to these events the date 4,004 B.C., as our sacred histories do, and the great Bossuet himself. It will no longer refuse to admit the chronologies of the East, in so far as they are absolutely proved; nor, above all, those discoveries of geology which have shown us the earliest vestiges of our race in the quaternary strata of the earth, which date back myriads of ages. It will not close the door with fear against the grand hypotheses of Darwin, hypotheses which science has not confirmed, but which it has certainly not disproved; and whilst still continuing with the Bible to point to the dust of the ground as the material from which man was originally formed, the orthodoxy of the future will not forbid our thinking that, before it became Adam, the clay passed through all the inorganic and organic stages of transformation under

the breath of that God who creates by centuries and progressively.

In the same way, we shall be careful not to ignore the Fall.

*"Man is a fallen god who still remembers Heaven."\**

This remembrance is at the same time a hope, for the Paradise lost points, through the redemption, to a Paradise regained. Such is the Christian dogma, the only remedy for the despair of contemporary pessimism, and the only answer to its blasphemies.

But we shall in no wise pass over the fact that, in the view of the justice of God as well as of the justice of man, sin is essentially and exclusively personal. Thus we shall no longer teach the arbitrary imputation of one man's sin to all. We shall no longer look upon these first pages of Genesis as a strictly historical narrative. We shall see in them something far better, a grand and beautiful symbol, revealed by God in order to explain to us the moral decay of the first generations of mankind, the heredity which reproduces the father in the child, and the solidarity which, out of a multitude of individuals, forms but one collective being with common responsibilities and a common destiny. It is not until we have entered loyally and resolutely upon this path, that our dogmas, which are to-day discarded, will recover their empire over the hearts of men. It is then, most assuredly, that the daring forecast of Joseph

\* Lamartine.

de Maistre will be realised: "In virtue of their natural affinity, religion and science will combine in the brain of some man of genius—it may be of several—and from this union the world will derive what it needs, what it aspires to—not a new religion, but the revelation of revelation." \*

Once again let me say, there is nothing in such hopes akin to commonplace deism, or to the superficial and irreligious rationalism of too many of our contemporaries. These hopes are in conformity with the promises of Christ and the Prophets with reference to the more perfect manifestation of the Spirit of Truth "in the last days." They are the very mainspring of Christianity, of this Christianity which is the religion of progress, because it is the religion of restoration, and also because it is the religion of the Word—that is to say, of the infinite and personal reason of God in immediate communication with the finite but ever-expanding reason of His creatures. "This," writes St. John the Evangelist, "is the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us ; . . . and to us He has given the power to become the sons of God."

In the beautiful words of St. Anselm, a theologian of the Middle Ages, "Faith seeketh to understand," *Fides quærens intellectum* ; but if man feels the need of better understanding and of better belief, it is

\* "Soirées de Saint-Petersbourg."

because it is his duty to act better. When the Gospel has been explained to him in all its bearings, both practical and sublime, when Christianity has penetrated his heart, and is no longer a mere doctrine, but a living power, then the man of those times will realise a spiritual and temporal progress which his predecessors would only have eyed with suspicion, or would have condemned. In a grand and noble manner, worthy indeed of the Redeemer and the redeemed, it will extend the dominion of salvation—of that salvation accomplished on the Cross, and of which Jesus said: “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.” Souls will rise up from the depths of those social hells of Ignorance, Misery, and Vice, which we were wont to think eternal.

There is no eternal Hell, neither in this world nor in the world to come, because the wise and good God, who has foreseen all things, has only allowed a longer or shorter duration of evil in order that the final triumph of good may break forth the more gloriously. The inherent justice in things and men is the work of this God; and if it chastises sin severely on both sides of the tomb, it is always for the final good of the sinner.

“The Lord has visited all the gloomy retreats of Hell.” It is one of the most orthodox of the Fathers, the great Chrysostom, who speaks thus: “The Lord has shattered its gates of brass; He has shivered



their hinges and locks. He has not opened the gates, He has shattered them, so that the prison may henceforth become useless, and that those who enter therein may not be held captive.”\*

Open then, O social hells, since the Hell beyond the tomb has once opened and will again open ! Rise again, O criminals and liberated felons ! You have been condemned by a law which is just, but which cannot be without a living mercy ! Rise again through a sincere conversion and permanent rehabilitation ; rise again in virtue, and consequently, in honour ! And you, O publicans and harlots, fulfil at last the words of the Master, and even here on earth go before the haughty pharisees and hypocrites into the Kingdom of God ! Yes, the Gospel will become a social reality ; the sick will be healed and the dead raised ; the good news will be proclaimed to the poor.

“In the twentieth century,” said Victor Hugo, “there will be no longer any dogmas or frontiers.” He was doubly wrong. And to speak only of frontiers, they will exist as long as the nations to whom they preserve their distinct physiognomy and mutual independence. What is true, is that frontiers will no

\* Lessons for the Night Office on Easter Eve. After, as before, the time of Origen, the doctrine of eternal mercy has always numbered many illustrious supporters in the Church. If, as the Creed teaches, “Jesus Christ descended into Hell,” it was not to suffer Himself, but to deliver those held captive there. St. Peter expressly says so in his first Epistle (ch. iii. verses 18 to 20).

longer be traced in blood, nor nations possessed with hatred. Freed at length from the mark of Cain, the world will see the Brotherhood of Man beneath the Fatherhood of God.

Christians of the future will reconcile more and more those elements in human life which are one and all necessary to its existence, and which have hitherto been madly set at variance. They will form again the close and beneficent alliance between nature and grace, between work and prayer, between action and contemplation ; between the body accursed in the name of the soul, and the soul whose imprint it bears, and whose organ it is ; between family life, depreciated as an inferior and prosaic state, and the most ideal aspirations of genius and holiness.

In one of those ancient books, of which I spoke above, and which have also their share of divine inspiration, the Zend-Avesta, it is written : " He is a holy man who has built himself an habitation upon this earth wherein he may cherish the sacred fire, his wife, his children, and goodly flocks. He who makes the earth to bring forth corn, he who cultivates the fruits of the field, he it is who cultivates purity ; he promotes the law of Ormuzd as much as if he offered a hundred sacrifices."

And in the most recent, and in many respects the strangest of religions, in this Positivism all of which is not to be despised, Auguste Comte has pointed out, though not without much exaggeration, the part

which Capital will play in the future, when it has been entirely freed from the selfishness which dishonours and corrupts it, and when it renders fruitful the work of the labourers of our towns and fields, who, under the conditions of modern civilisation, can do very little without it. "In each Republic," says the Positivist Catechism, "the government will naturally be in the hands of three principal bankers—by preference men who are devoted respectively to commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural pursuits."

Nothing in all this is foreign to the spirit of Christianity. The Church has long been awaiting the Millennium—the Kingdom of God upon earth. She still demands it every day in her prayers: "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven." And in her Psalms, inherited from Israel, she sets forth earthly prosperity as the image and foretaste of heavenly bliss.

"Blessed," she sings, "blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in His ways.

"For thou shalt eat the labour of thine hands; happy shalt thou be, and it shall be well with thee.

"Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house,

"Thy children like olive plants round about thy table.

"The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion: and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life.

“Yea, thou shalt see thy children’s children, and peace upon Israel.”

If that implies socialism, then every true Christian must be a socialist. Such a socialism as this destroys neither property nor country, neither family nor religion. On the contrary, it reconciles the interests of earth with those of heaven, the duties of the present life with the hopes of that which is to come; and uniting again human destinies in the same chain, broken by the accident of death, it makes of the whole universe, of which the earth is but an atom, one single city of God, of men and of all spirits.

To sum up:—it is neither politics, science, nor individual interests which will of themselves save France and the world. Before aught else our salvation must come from Christianity. But to perform this miracle Christianity must become itself once more: it must be the religion of the gospel of justice and charity. It must tear itself away from the superstitions which falsify it, from the sects which rend it, and from the clergies and governments who enslave and exploit it!

Moral and social renovation by means of religious renovation: let these be my last words—*verba novissima!* France, the soul, and God!

In these I wish to sum up all that I believe, all that I hope for, all that has given me joy in living, and will give me strength to die.

I bequeath them to my son, who will be, I trust,

the son of my soul even more than of my body. "O happy if there be anyone of my race that shall behold the glory of Jerusalem."

I bequeath them to my wife, who has been, and I thank her for it, the companion of my apostolate even more than of my earthly life.

I bequeath them to all the members of my spiritual family, to my hearers, my fellow-workers, my friends—to those who have known and loved and served with me the God of the Christians.

I bequeath them also to those who have not known Him; to those who, having been unable to find Him through the misfortune of the times, through the fault of us all, have none the less sought Him in the uprightness of their souls, under whatever name it be, Truth, Love, or Duty; Him whom St. Paul did not hesitate to invoke as "the Unknown God." For all righteous souls are destined to meet one day in the same faith, and there will be—once more, with the Gospel, I repeat it—here or elsewhere, but one flock under one Shepherd.

This is my testament.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

HYACINTHE LOYSON, *Priest.*

## APPENDIX.

### I.

#### *Documents Relating to my Protestation.*

I GIVE here two or three of the numerous letters which have been addressed to me on the subject of my protestation. I have selected them somewhat at random.

The first is from M. Saint-René Taillandier, of the "Académie française":—

Bagnères-de-Luchon, *September 27th*, 1872.

MY REVEREND FATHER,—On reading yesterday the admirable letter which you have just addressed to Rome, I cried from the bottom of my heart, "Here then at last is a true son of Christ!" I trust that sooner or later Christendom will respond to this heroic appeal. In the meantime you will have to suffer many an insult, and to pass through many a trial. It is on this account that those Christians whose souls you gladden owe you the acknowledgment of their gratitude and the expression of their ardent hopes. You will be insulted by the pharisees, by the Veuillots, and by all those men who, eighteen hundred years ago, would have spat in the face of their Saviour. That will not trouble such a soul as yours. The great, the heartrending ordeal will be to witness the alarm of timid hearts; to bear

the affectionate reproaches of those tender souls who misunderstand your resolution. The old spirit of Christianity seems to have vanished from the earth so long ago ! Because you leave a convent, which has become a prison for your soul, you will be regarded as another Luther or another Lamennais ! What an illusion ! Lamennais forsook Christianity, Luther broke with Catholicism ; you, on the other hand, have the holy ambition of restoring that great Catholicism which has been disfigured, distorted, and destroyed by the doctrines of the pharisees.

Courage, my reverend Father ! Millions of hearts awaited you ! Mankind is not willing to renounce either the Gospel or the principles of modern society. Those who teach the absolute and irreconcilable antagonism between Christianity and the Revolution are the enemies of God and mankind. In that capacity they must be fought. It must be proved both to pharisees and demagogues, to perverters of the Gospel, and perverters of the spirit of '89, that all that the Revolution has accomplished, which is lawful and durable, is naught but the temporal application of the principles of the Gospel.

The crisis which Christianity is traversing is, perhaps, necessary for founding that great Catholicism, that universal Catholicism, of which the world has, as yet, only seen the beginning, and from which jesuitical pharisaism removes us further every day. If the Council now about to assemble confirms the triumph

of this pharisaism, it will have to be opposed by a Council of all Christian consciences. You have a great part to play. May God be your guide! May Jesus Christ be your strength!

Allow me to sign myself, with the most tender sympathy and the deepest respect, your most devoted servant,

SAINT-RENÉ TAILLANDIER.

M. Bonjean, President of the Court of Appeal, whose fate it was to be shot by those scoundrels of the Commune at the side of my friend Monseigneur Darboy, sent me his card with these words:—

“TO THE REV. FATHER HYACINTHE.

“With my heartfelt sympathy and deep respect for his noble courage. The convictions that he has just proclaimed have been mine from my youth, and I also, in their defence, have suffered more than one abusive attack; but it is sweet and good to suffer for the cause of Christ and the Truth.”

(Château d'Orgeville, near Pacy-sur-Eure, September 22nd, 1869.)

The learned and pious Dr. Pusey wrote to me about the same time from the University of Oxford. He said in his letter\*:—

“I have read your powerful letter, which appeared in the papers, over and over again, with the greatest admiration, but not without a certain anxiety. In

\* The original letter is in Latin.



fact, it seems to us that the only hope of union between the Churches rests in that old doctrine of your great Bossuet, which is called Gallicanism. The eyes of all of us are turned towards you, for we believe that you have defended this doctrine against the new ideas of the Roman Curia, and that you have suffered much on its behalf."

LETTER FROM CARDINAL NEWMAN.

*The Oratory, Nov. 24, 1870.*

MY DEAR FATHER HYACINTHE,—I am always glad to hear from you and of you.

It grieved me bitterly that you should have separated yourself from the One True Fold of Christ; and it grieves me still more to find from your letter that you are still in a position of isolation.

I know how generous your motives are, and how much provocation you, as well as others, have received in the ecclesiastical events which have been passing around us. But nothing which has taken place justifies our separation from the One Church.

There is a fable in one of our English poets, of which the moral is given thus :—

"Beware of dangerous steps; the darkest day,  
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away."

Let us be patient; the turn of things may not take place in our time; but there will be surely, sooner or later, an energetic and a stern nemesis for imperious acts, such as now afflict us.

The Church is the Mother of high and low, of the ruler as well as of the ruled. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum*. If she declares by her various voices that the Pope is infallible in certain matters, in those matters infallible he is. What Bishops and people say all over the earth, that is the truth, whatever complaint we may have against certain ecclesiastical proceedings. Let us not oppose ourselves to the universal voice.

God bless you and keep you.—Yours affectionately,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

Lastly, M. de Montalembert, the best and most illustrious of my friends of those days, wrote me the following words, severely reproving me, as he said, “with the anger of love” :—

“If you had managed to confine yourself to the first five paragraphs of your letter, you would have gone up three cubits in the estimation of the public, whilst still remaining irreproachable in the eyes of those of your friends who wish to remain Catholics. But all that follows is inexcusable.”

## II.

### *Documents Relating to My Marriage.*

TO HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS IX.

London, August 25th, 1872.

MOST HOLY FATHER,—When I left the convent of the Barefooted Carmelites of Paris, now nearly

three years ago, I had no intention of evading the authority with which you are invested as Bishop of Rome and Primate of the Universal Church. I have always, on the contrary, openly declared that I recognised this Primacy; and if I oppose the errors and abuses presented in its name, it is, I trust, in the spirit which animated St. Paul when, without an open rupture with St. Peter, "he withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed."

To-day, Most Holy Father, on the eve of the accomplishment of an act which seems a violation of my priestly and monastic vows, but which the voice of God, long and humbly listened to in my conscience, commands, or at least counsels, to-day, I come to express to your Holiness my sorrow at not being able to act on this solemn occasion with your full authorisation and paternal benediction. Nothing would have cost me too dear to obtain thus—I will not say the peace—*that* I possess—but the joy of my soul, and to avoid scandalising a great number of my brethren in the faith. This cannot, indeed, be a cause of remorse for me, but it will ever remain one of the most inconsolable regrets of my life.

Anathematised for the marriage which I am about to contract, as I have been cursed for the protest which I raised against the *coup d'état* of the Vatican, I will none the less remain faithful to a Church whose light has always shone with renewed lustre after nights which clouded without being able to extinguish

it. I will remain what I am by virtue of a higher power than that of man, a Christian by virtue of the water and spirit of my baptism, a Catholic by the faith of my fathers, and a Priest by the unction and indelible character of my priesthood. Absolved, or rather approved, by God Himself in the sanctuary of my conscience, for what men will call my crime, I await with confidence, from the successors to your Holiness in the Primacy, the retractation, or at least the explanation, of dogmas which, in their actual form, are contrary alike to truth and tradition. I await from them the abolition or transformation of laws which set the discipline of the Latin Church at variance with natural morality and at the same time with the liberty of the Gospel.

I pray you, Most Holy Father, to pardon the frank sincerity with which I have ventured to address you, and to deign none the less to accept the assurance of the deep respect and affectionate veneration in which I remain

Your Holiness' most unworthy but

Very faithful servant and son,

HYACINTHE LOYSON,

*Priest, Professed Friar of the Order of the Barefooted Carmelites.*

*Letter from Monseigneur \* \* \*, Archbishop (Roman Catholic) of \* \* \*, to M. Hyacinthe Loyson on the subject of his Marriage.\**

DEAREST FRIEND,—In answer to the letter in

\* The eminent prelate who wrote me this letter is the same who sent me the words quoted on p. 28.

which you tell me of your final resolution—a resolution which must determine all the rest of your life—I have only one word to say: do not forsake the Catholic Church, and I will never cease to love both of you, or to pray for your temporal and eternal welfare.

I will not add more to-day, but I hope to send you a long letter when I return from the country—that is to say, towards the end of September. With warmest regards to you and Emilie,

Believe me

Your very affectionate friend,

\* \* \*

*Letter of Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, to the President of the Congress of Old Catholics held at Cologne.\**

I am in receipt of a letter from the Rev. Father Hyacinthe, in which he informs me that his marriage has been solemnised in London in defiance of the laws of his Church. He encloses a copy of the letter which he has addressed to you, Sir, and in which he asks that the following question may be put to the vote in the Congress of Old Catholics, now assembled in Cologne. You have invited him to join you there, and I may say that he wishes to do so; but the question is, will he be welcome if he does? Or, on the contrary, will you consider that his marriage

\* The original letter is in Latin.

amounts to a misdemeanour on the part of a Catholic priest, and therefore think of excluding him from your assembly ?

I should have preferred not to interfere in so grave a question, for fear of meddling, as the saying is, in what does not concern me ; but this most worthy and sincere man has chosen me, in spite of my unworthiness, as his defender, if I may use the term, and I am afraid that, were I to refuse the position, I should appear to be forsaking a friend who is exposed to the calumny and insults of those who are envious of him.

There is still another reason, Sir, which appeals no less forcibly to me, and which has urged me to write you this letter, although I do so in great haste and while travelling. We bishops and priests of the English Church honour, I may even say reverence, that celibacy which a minister of Christ has accepted of his own free will for the glory of God and the salvation of souls ; but we refuse to admit that it is absolutely necessary and should be enforced on all. Not only do we believe that a holy marriage brings support and consolation to a Christian priest in his spiritual life, but, what is more, we consider that it tends towards the edification of true believers.

This question, then, which is submitted to you affects us also, and gives rise to this other : If you hold such opinions about the marriage of priests, will you consider us, bishops and priests of the English Church, truly Old Catholics ?

I am very glad, Sir, that this question should be mooted in an assembly which is composed for the greater part of Germans. Without taking so many other claims into account, such as your personal merit, your steadfastness, and your learning, which give you the right to pronounce on these matters, no one is ignorant of the fact that, in this question particularly, the rights of the Christian priesthood were defended with the greatest courage and power by Germany. Who has not heard of the energetic and determined protestations which your Udalric, Bishop of Augsburg, a prelate of great sanctity, raised in defence of the marriage of priests before the Roman Pontiff, Nicholas I., in the ninth century of our era?

And when this grievous bondage, by which they were forced to renounce marriage, had been imposed on the priests by Gregory VII., Hildebrand, when it had brought about all that vileness which St. Bernard so bitterly deplores, it is again Germany which, quivering with rage and indignation, strives her utmost to free Christian priests from the yoke.

Let us remember how the Emperors Ferdinand II. and Maximilian II., Sigismund Augustus, King of Poland, and Albert of Bavaria all earnestly besought the Fathers of the Church at the Council of Trent to recognise the right of priests, as in the past, to marry.

Keep before you, Sir, the memory of your ancestors and follow their illustrious example.

We might, if time allowed, call to witness the

Fathers of the Council of Nice, who strenuously opposed the decree, which they were called upon to make, prohibiting the marriage of priests. We might cite the names of ancient bishops who were married and who lived with their wives in holy union and chaste love until the day of their death.

For example, who has not heard how St. Gregory of Nazianzus, Patriarch of Constantinople, spoke to the people with the deepest eloquence about his father, who was a bishop, and of his mother? Who has not a vivid recollection of the touching letter which this same St. Gregory of Nazianzus wrote to St. Gregory, Bishop of Nyssa, condoling with him for the loss of his wife; and this St. Gregory of Nyssa was one of the most prominent figures in the Council of Constantinople, and it is to him that the Church owes the completion of the Nicene Creed.

St. Patrick, the Irish Apostle, could boast of a father and grandfather in holy orders. St. Hilary of Poitiers and St. Paulinus of Nola, who were both bishops and alike famous for the sanctity of their lives and the purity of their faith, lived with their wives.

But I must not try your patience; I will pass on quickly. The Pontifical Law itself—by which I mean the Canon Law—certifies that the marriage of priests is not forbidden, either on the authority of the Ancient Law, or on that of the Gospel and Apostles. That must needs be admitted, Sir, in mere justice.

In fact, the Mosaic Law, far from forbidding



priests to marry, on the contrary, recommends them to do so, if it does not indeed make marriage almost obligatory. Was not the office of High Priest handed down from father to son in Aaron's family; and was not the priesthood inseparably connected with the tribe of Levi? Would not the cessation of the marriage of priests have amounted therefore to the extinction of the priesthood itself? The Hebrew prophets, Moses, Samuel, Isaiah and Ezekiel, who were inspired by the heavenly spirit, and were the most holy among men, had sons, as St. Chrysostom very rightly observes (Hom. 66 in St. Matt.). But why dwell on these instances taken from the Old Testament? St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, whose successor the Roman Pontiff boasts himself to be, was not only married, but continued to live with his wife during his apostleship, and she travelled about with him on his apostolic journeys. St. Paul bears witness to this fact (1 Cor. ix. 5). *The rest of the Apostles*, we learn also from St. Paul, did likewise, and so did *the brethren of the Lord*. St. Clement of Alexandria testifies that St. Peter's wife never forsook him, and even preceded him to martyrdom (Apud Euseb. H.E. III. 30). Tertullian himself, who was by no means an impartial critic as regards the marriage of priests, admits that the Apostles enjoyed the privilege of taking a wife, and of being accompanied by her on their journeys (De Exhort. Castit., c. 8).

What more shall I say? The Spirit of God, by

the mouth of the Apostle St. Paul (1 Tim. iii. 2, 12; Tit. i. 6), commands us to admit to the office of Bishop, Priest and Deacon, those who marry to bring up a pious family, and to be an example to the flock committed to their care. This same Apostle teaches us that marriage is honourable in all (Heb. xiii. 4); and while commending voluntary celibacy, he allows and counsels marriage for all men, without exception, should circumstances make it advisable; and he even goes so far as to rank among the number of the supporters of Anti-Christ those who *forbid to marry* (1 Tim. iv. 3).

The Roman Church itself has never dared to pretend that the priests of the Eastern Church are unfitted for the Priesthood by their marriage. Why should that which is lawful in the East be no longer so in the West? Men, when they become priests, continue none the less to be men. Why then should there be this revolt against human nature, or rather against the God of Nature?

Thus we have on our side the priests of the Mosaic Law, the Prophets inspired by God, the Apostles, and CHRIST, the Head and Master of the Prophets and Apostles. Let these witnesses and imposing authorities set our minds at rest.

And if a Church, be it what it may, give us commands opposed to their teaching, let us boldly affirm that such commands do not emanate from Christ, but from the Spirit of Anti-Christ.

Take courage then, Sirs, and restore its primitive liberty to the Christian priesthood. God will be with you, He who instituted marriage in the Garden of Eden, and led Eve towards Adam, and blessed their union. Christ will be with you, that spotless Bridegroom of the Church who performed His first miracle to honour a marriage.

The Holy Spirit will be with you, He who, rendering all things fruitful by His grace, and manifesting Himself in the form of a dove, appeared to the eyes of the whole world as the guardian and minister of pure love.

I pray you, Sir, to guard me always a place in your affections, and

Believe me, etc.,

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,

*Bishop of Lincoln.*

*Bruges, Belgium.*

*The Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity, 1872.*

LETTER FROM A CATHOLIC TO M. HYACINTHE LOYSON.

*September 8th, 1872.*

HONOURED SIR,—I have not the privilege of being personally acquainted with you; but after reading the memorable letter, which you address, in reality, to all Catholics, and in face of the unjust and passionate declarations to which many among them have given utterance, I feel that I must acquaint you with my impressions. I am quite an unknown person,

in a very modest position, but perhaps this very fact will appear to you a greater reason for considering my letter as another consolation added to those you must have received from more authoritative sources.

What especially urges me to write to you is that, in certain respects, my soul was once in a position analogous to that of yours. It is, then, from soul to soul, if I may so say, that I speak to you.

From my youth upwards, over and over again, I had read the Old and New Testaments; like Descartes, I had, if I may use the expression, made a clean sweep of all old prejudices, and at the age of eighteen I wondered whether I should become a Catholic, or even a Christian, an Israelite, or a Theist.

It was Pascal who decided my faith. He confirmed me in Catholicism. And then these words deeply impressed me, as they, doubtless, impressed you, Sir:—"Sunt qui se ipsos castraverunt propter regnum cœlorum. Non omnes capiunt verbum istud; sed solum quibus datum est."

And why should I not be of their number? I exclaimed. I will. I will take my place in the ranks of the chosen.

My Principal then said to me, "Very well, become a Priest."

I hesitated. I could not decide to take this step.

I felt myself too independent to submit to an authority so absolute as that wielded by ecclesiastical superiors. And then the sacrifice that I was making

seemed to me sufficiently great in itself without submitting to heavier burdens.

I continued in this state until the age of thirty-five, and like you I am able, by the grace of God, to say this for myself, that I kept my resolution with unswerving fidelity.

Well, at that age, when I continued to observe the strictest celibacy, and when I thought less than ever of marrying, I happened one Sunday—I shall never forget the day—to read a book on Entomology. The author, in speaking of a certain butterfly, said, that after having accomplished the reproduction of its species, it died, having thus fulfilled what Nature, and consequently God, expected of it.

And man, I said to myself, does not he rebel against the law of Nature if he does not marry? Does not God speak most distinctly in this very law, which is one of His own laws? Can I without blasphemy shut my eyes to the light, and stop my ears, were it even to devote myself more completely to pious meditation? From that day, Sir, I was enlightened as St. Paul was on his way to Damascus. My reason, my principles, the very religious spirit which had made me hold aloof from marriage, gave me no rest until I had found a wife.

God has answered my prayers. What is more, He has blessed me with four sons, the eldest of whom will soon be twelve years old. And every day I bless God for having enlightened me before it was too late.

This, honoured Sir, is why I understand you, and why I feel myself compelled to tell you so. But concerning yourself, you were under the most terrible obligations, and in that consists the difficulty of your position. It is not my place to offer an opinion on this subject. But it seems to me that the Church has the right of cancelling those vows which she has received, and, above all, when it is a question of the "imprescriptible laws" of Nature, that is to say, of God Himself, who is above all men and all churches.

I believe then, honoured Sir, that this token of sympathy and interest, which I offer you in all modesty, will be the more acceptable to you since it comes from a Catholic who has remained fervent in faith, who regularly observes his religious duties, and is even a churchwarden of his parish.

I beg you to accept the assurance of my respect and devotion.

\* \* \*

REPLY OF M. HYACINTHE LOYSON.

*Paris, September 28th, 1872.*

SIR,—The letter which you have so kindly written me is one of those which have most deeply touched me. This history of your soul, which you acquaint me with in a few words, is very simple and very beautiful. I admire the childlike docility with which you have listened alternately to the voice of God speaking to you of virginity in the Gospel, and the voice of God speaking to you of paternity in Nature. The two

revelations are in nowise contradictory, and in neither have you been deceived. Absolute virginity will exist for all time in a small number of the elect whom God shall reserve for this purpose; and the very spirit of virginity will permeate marriage and Christian paternity more and more in order to constitute it a celestial even more than a terrestrial state.

“Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, in order that you may beget a race which is not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God” (Ephes. v. 25; John i. 13). When these divine words are fulfilled in all Christian homes, and, above all, in those of priests, the Church will be regenerated and the world will be saved.

I beg you to accept, etc.,

HYACINTHE LOYSON, *Priest.*

LETTER OF GEORGE SAND TO *Le Temps*, REPRODUCED IN THE VOLUME OF HER WORKS, ENTITLED: “IMPRESSIONS ET SOUVENIRS.”

I have no intention of pretending to sever any of the complicated knots which are formed in the ideas of the moment by the divergence, by so much that was unforeseen, and by the apparent strangeness, in the many facts which are before us. An epoch of general disintegration it may be, but it is surely also an epoch of simultaneous partial recomposition. What may be utterly destroyed in one part, springs up with

renewed life in another. Efforts to recover the past, efforts to establish the present and build up the future, are all at work simultaneously. The earth trembles, institutions are overthrown, others are rising up from the depths of the unknown; everyone receives his own impressions, everyone has the right of making them known; it is the duty of some to declare them. I am confronted by this duty in the case of M. Hyacinthe Loyson. Called upon by common friends to express my opinion regarding him, I have refused to meet him and make his acquaintance. I had my doubts, not as to his sincerity, but at least as to his frankness. There is a clearly-defined shade of difference here—a man may be *naïf* and yet wanting in courage. It seemed to me that this was the case of that philosophic priest who did not accept the doctrine of eternal punishment, who condemned neither Jew nor heretic, and who yet proclaimed himself to be a Catholic in subjection to the Church of Rome.

M. Hyacinthe Loyson has not changed his programme, so my opinion has changed. He denies the infallibility of the Pope; he wars against the official Church; he marries. I consider him to be sincere, by that I mean *naïf*, and at the same time frank, by that I mean courageous. I do not laugh at his *naïveté*, I merely note it. I like his courage, it appeals to me. I read the declaration which he published a day or two ago in *Le*



*Temps*, and which all the papers have copied. I recognised in it the language of a good and brave-hearted man.

It is a very wholesome and beautiful page of the religious history of our times. The storm that it excites will not reach me. This vain murmur of the raging sea, seething and foaming, will not prevent me from seeing a new isle rise to the surface, which the waves will beat around, but will not be able to submerge.

It is as yet a mere strip of land, a narrow perilous refuge, difficult of approach, and from which there is no retreat. It is an entirely new point of doctrine, that is to say, new as regards the attitude assumed by the orthodoxy of our day. It is a little Church which is being founded, but which in another hundred years will probably play an important part. Who knows if it will not become a notable halting-place on which Catholicism must fall back to fight its death-struggle?

For its hour is drawing near, and pilgrimages, miracles, exploitation of grottoes and miraculous waters, the encroachment of politics on the sanctuary, all sound its knell. What matter if ignorant or fanatical masses follow blindly in the steps of agitators!

When a religion can no longer satisfy a healthy soul, that religion has had its day. The rest is only a question of time.

But this religion, which at its birth was an ideal—a truth, relatively speaking—cannot succumb without emitting a few gleams of light which are still pure and

bright ; and in the midst of that darkness into which the official church is plunging, the declaration of M. Hyacinthe Loyson is one of those flashes still given by lamps which are spent. Catholicism cannot, and ought not to be suddenly eclipsed. Its death-pangs will prolong its life. Precipitated by the demonstrations of Lourdes and La Salette, they will be retarded by noble endeavours and truly religious efforts. New heresies will spring up ; priests will unite to proclaim their right to marriage. There may come a Pope who will not allow himself without scruple to be invested with infallibility—that form of divinity which is attributed to a man. This Pope will be able to convene a council, in the true sense of the word, which, in presence of the impending ruin of the religious edifice, will prop it up with important concessions. This council, even if it does not dare to lay its hand on dogmas, will at least allow the priest such tolerant interpretations that intolerance will gradually die out, and the judgment of eternal damnation will exist no longer as a doctrine but as a mere metaphor. With no great stretch of imagination one can conceive a Christian Church without miracles, or without a priesthood deprived of all social rights. For my part I wish it thus, and I trust that the future may spare us the danger of persecuted and consequently exasperated creeds. It is to the odious massacre of the hostages that we owe the reaction and shame of pilgrimages, and the horror of liberty of conscience, which force a

certain number of the people back into the imbecility of the Middle Ages, after 1793 and 1815!

The marriage of the ex-Père Hyacinthe is a great scandal to the Church of the moment, and the religious press, with its wonted skill, makes the most of it. The great criminal who faces public opinion with the resignation and assurance of an honest man, must not be over-angry at all this clamour. He believes, but we cannot share his conviction, that henceforth he can call himself a Catholic and a priest in spite of all. The distinction that he wishes to establish between the Roman and the Latin Church appears rather arbitrary to us, and we recognise in it a little of the subtlety of the priest. As far as we are concerned, he is a perfect heretic; and we congratulate him on it, for heresies are the great vitality of the Christian ideal. But this subtlety—the sole remnant of the cassock which still clings to the bosom of the future father of a family—does not scandalise us; it is a logical support of his conviction; it is even a legitimate requirement of his cause. It is easy to throw off one's frock, and it is owing to this eagerness to shake off the yoke that previous attempts of priests who were partisans of marriage have failed. Here is one who does not wish to cast off his priesthood, which is accounted an inalterable part of his nature, and who does not renounce his mandate in contracting a marriage. "It is good," he has said to himself, "that a priest should marry; I will marry, and will remain a priest."

Be it so ! You pass into the position of a Protestant pastor, but without acknowledging Protestantism, "the error of Luther," which is, according to you, "in his rupture with the lawful traditions and necessary unity of the Church." You stand alone for the time being, and you found a Church apart. I hope it may have many adherents, for though I am neither Protestant nor Catholic, I see, as everyone can see, the baneful and infamous consequences of the celibacy of priests. Let them marry, and confess no more ! Would Père Hyacinthe still confess ?

*That is the question.* Is the secrecy of the Confessional compatible with the effusion of conjugal love ? If I were a Catholic I would say to my children, "Have no secrets which are too hard to reveal, and you will have no cause to fear the gossip of the vicar's wife." But I have no wish to jest upon this subject. I am convinced that those pious ladies who follow M. Hyacinthe Loyson in his new career may still open their souls to him in perfect safety, and I wish him many faithful penitents. They will have taken a step of great service to the Church, and they will protest against one of the principal causes of her dissolution.

This declaration of Père Hyacinthe is really very beautiful and very touching. Is it, some will ask, only the outcome of superior genius ? No ! genius is only really beautiful when it is the handmaiden of beautiful thought. In this pamphlet of his there are tran-

sports of the heart and soul; there is a conception of true love, a respect for Nature in its divine aspect, a pure veneration for matrimony, which forbids all sensual ideas, which checks the smile and calls for tears. It is really very grand, and this strange page written by a priest will perhaps remain a sort of new Gospel for the future members of a new Church. As a priest and a married man, Père Hyacinthe—let us restore, or rather leave him, his title of priest and monk—will be able to marry other priests, and to bring peace to their regenerated consciences.

I will not hesitate to express myself without reserve:—I do not understand a mediator between God and myself. Even if he is not dangerous, or indeed fatal, still I find such a mediator useless; but for many a long day man will still believe that he has need of a priest; let us hope then that this priest may at least purify himself, even if he is not able to ennoble himself, like Père Hyacinthe.

GEORGE SAND.

*Nohant, September 12th, 1872.*

*Psalm sung at the Banquet of the Ten Virgins.*

Translated from the Greek of

ST. METHODUS,

*Bishop and Martyr of the Third Century.*

The translation which I give below was made by me many years ago when I was preparing at the

Seminary of St. Sulpice for my reception in Holy Orders. This Psalm of St. Methodus, which is a beautiful echo of the faith and piety of the Early Christians, has had a deep and lasting influence on my spiritual life.

This song has for its chief theme that virginity which was so dear to them, and which claims our respect as it did theirs ; but, in its general and truest sense, it is applicable, like the Gospel parable which inspired it, to all conditions of life in the Church. Conjugal chastity blossoms on the same branch as virgin chastity and, after being separated for a short time in their growth, the two sister branches are reunited, in a higher sphere, in those nuptials of the Spirit in which the Word made flesh is the Bridegroom of all pure souls. "This is a great mystery," wrote St. Paul, "but I speak concerning Christ and the Church." This Psalm of St. Methodus is, then, the Psalm of both virgin and spouse.

*Psalm.*

For Thee I preserve myself chaste, and, the lamp burning in my hand, O my Bridegroom, I speed towards Thee.

Virgins, from the heights of Heaven a cry has gone forth ; it awakes the dead ; it bids you go out in a band to meet the Bridegroom, with your white robes and your lamps, from the Eastern shore. Awake, lest the King find you unprepared.

For Thee I preserve myself chaste, and, the lamp burning in my hand, O my Bridegroom, I speed towards Thee.

I have shunned the joy of mortals, a joy full of mourning, love, and the delights of earth ; it is in Thy arms, it is in Thy bosom, the fountain of life, that I yearn to take refuge, to gaze there for ever on Thy beauty, O my well-beloved.

For Thee . . . . .

For Thee, O King, I have scorned the alliance of mortals, their couch and their gilded palaces, and I have hastened in my spotless raiment that I also may arrive in time, and enter with Thee the bridal chamber.

For Thee . . . . .

Escaped from the wiles without number of the dragon seducer, saved from devouring flames and the fury of the savage beasts who are bent upon our destruction, I await Thee, I call Thee ; come to me, O my well-beloved, from Heaven.

For Thee . . . . .

I sigh for Thy beauty, I have forgotten my country, O Word ! I have forgotten the choruses of the virgins my companions, my mother also, and the vain glory of my birth : for Thou, O Christ, Thou alone art all to me.

For Thee . . . . .

Christ, it is Thou who art the Author of Life. Hail to Thee, O Light who knoweth no evening ! Receive our acclamations: to Thee the chorus of virgins

address their songs. Flower all-perfect, Charity, Joy, Prudence, Wisdom, O Word!

For Thee . . . . .

Open to us Thy doors, O Queen adorned with so sweet a glory,\* and receive us also into Thy bridal chamber. Thy body is pure from all blemish, Bride, illustrious by Thy victories, and all in Thee breathes forth beauty. Clad in the same adornments, we are here in the presence of Christ to celebrate Thy blessed nuptials in our song, O noble Daughter!

For Thee . . . . .

The maidens for whom the doors of the bridal chamber are shut now are groaning, they lament and weep bitterly. They utter cries of distress without, because the light of their lamps is gone out, and they have come too late to enter the secret place of the delights of the Bridegroom.

For Thee . . . . .

They have strayed from the path divine. On the road of life they have forgotten to provide themselves with oil. The brilliant flame of their lamps has gone out, and they groan from the depths of their hearts.

For Thee . . . . .

The cups are offered to us filled with sweet nectar; drink, O virgins, it is a heavenly draught that the Bridegroom gives to those who have shown themselves worthy to be invited to the marriage feast.

For Thee . . . . .

\* The Church.



Glorious emblem of Thy death, O my well-beloved, Abel, weltering in his blood, raises his eyes to Heaven : "The cruel hand of my brother has smitten me ; I adjure Thee by it, O Word, to receive me."

For Thee . . . . .

How glorious, O Word, was the victory gained by Thy son Joseph, the chaste and courageous ! An erring woman allured him, dragging him violently by the skirts of his robe ; but he without hesitating wrests himself from her hands, and flees crying out :

For Thee . . . . .

What new sacrifice does Jephthah offer to his God ? It is his daughter, a virgin victim, a tender lamb led to the altar. She is a type of Thy flesh, so pure, O my well-beloved, and consummating her sacrifice she rapturously cries :

For Thee . . . . .

The stranger leads on his mighty host, but bold as ingenious in her plans and designs, Judith cuts off the head of him whom she first seduced by her dazzling beauty. Her body remained as pure as her thoughts, and her voice intoned the song of victory :

For Thee . . . . .

Carried away by the beauty of her countenance, two judges are inflamed with mad desire for Susannah ; "O woman ardently loved," say they to her, "we have penetrated unto thee, even in the secret of thy garden." . . . But anon she utters plaintive cries :

For Thee . . . . .

Fools ! Rather let me die a thousand deaths than violate conjugal fidelity for you, and be plunged forth-with into the eternal fires kindled by God the avenger.

For Thee . . . . .

He who washed the crowds in the waters of purification, he Thy forerunner suffers for chastity's sake the unjust punishment inflicted by a froward king ; and whilst his blood, unlawfully shed, reddens the earth, he cries unto Thee, O well-beloved :

For Thee . . . . .

And she who gave Thee life, she who is Grace unsullied and immaculate, her womb conceived Thee and brought Thee forth divinely. And yet she, the chaste virgin, is outraged by base suspicion ; but she repeats, bearing Thee in her womb, Thee, her well-beloved :

For Thee . . . . .

Eager to see Thy bridal feast, O well-beloved, all the angels whom Thou hast called from the heights of Heaven have come to bring Thee the choicest gifts, O Word ! Behold them before Thee clad in their spotless robes.

For Thee . . . . .

Our hymns, blessed Bride of God, our hymns will preside o'er Thy bridal couch. It is Thou of whom we now sing, O Church, pure Virgin, with Thy snow-white body, Thy raven locks, chaste, without reproach, all-lovely.

For Thee . . . . .

Corruption has fled, and with it the woeful agony of disease. Death has been overcome; the insanity of madmen has been dispelled; sorrow, the consumer of souls, is no more. And suddenly in their place, before mortal eyes, the joy of the divine Christ has shone.

For Thee . . . . .

Widowed of mortals was Paradise. Man no longer dwelt there as in the beginning, in accordance with the divine command. But by the wiles of the serpent he was banished, deservedly banished, he who was created immortal in happiness and security.

For Thee . . . . .

And now, singing the new song, the chorus of virgins lead Thee towards Heaven, the great and noble Queen.\* Their brows are crowned with white *fleurs de lis*, and their hands hold the flaming torch.

For Thee . . . . .

Thou who dost inhabit the chaste dwellings of Heaven, Thou who hast known no beginning, Thou who dost maintain and rule all things, by Thy eternal power, O Father! receive us with Thy Son; we are here before Thee, grant us to enter the Gates of Life!

For Thee I preserve myself chaste, and, the lamp burning in my hand, O my Bridegroom, I speed towards Thee.

\* The Church.

## III.

*Documents Relating to the Work of Religious Reform  
in France.**Manifesto of the National Society for the  
Evangelisation of France. \**

The life of nations presents a series of crises whose primary cause is almost always moral and religious. The one which France is actually passing through, and which was brought about by the Vatican Council and by the war which followed it, is not only solemn but tragical. The outrage offered to historical truth and to liberty of conscience has in no way separated us from the Papal domination, which was never so powerful as at present; and the misfortunes of war have not drawn us nearer to God, who was never more forgotten, never more blasphemed. Our great and unhappy country seems to be a prey to some unaccountable spirit of folly, which throws it at one moment into the arms of Atheism to escape from Ultramontanism, and at the next into the arms of Ultramontanism to escape from Atheism. On the one hand idolatry, on the other mere negation!

Why should we not at length return to Jesus Christ, the Son of God and Redeemer of Mankind, whose teaching, disregarded by some and disfigured by others, is alone truly new and yet at the same time old? It alone has not yet been given a serious trial;

\* Founded by Père Hyacinthe. (Translator.)

it alone, when once for all understood and carried out, is able to save not only individuals but nations. Among all men of good-will, between Christians of whatever sect they be, surely agreement on such a programme is not impossible. God forbid! Already some attempts have been made and have met with success. Such were the Christian *conférences* inaugurated last winter in Paris by M. Hyacinthe Loyson, rector of the Catholic-Gallican Church, assisted by M. Auguste Mettetal, pastor of the Lutheran Church, and M. Théodore Monod, pastor of the Reformed Church of France. Affirmations of a broad and steadfast faith, the faith which is embodied in the Apostles' Creed, filled these meetings, which have been attended with the deepest interest and approval by a large number of Christians, both Catholics and Protestants. It is from this modest attempt at evangelisation that we wish to found an Institution, if we may use the expression, not only in Paris, but throughout the whole of France.

Our country is weary of theological discussions and ecclesiastical rivalry, and yet she aspires, perhaps more than ever, to a true religion, to "worship in spirit and in truth."

Our fellow-citizens have an instinctive and ever-growing aversion to sectarianism, to intolerance, and to fanaticism. We participate in that aversion. And this is the reason why, whilst remaining each according to his own conscience true to his particular Church,

regarding it as a stepping-stone to the Church of the Future, we are anxious to furnish our compatriots—quite apart from the points which separate us, or, to speak in a more Christian manner, which distinguish us—with a freer and broader, but no less steadfast and efficacious preaching of the great religious, moral and social doctrines, which the Gospel contains and of which France has so much need.

Those points which divide us are fewer and of less importance than those which draw us towards each other and must finally unite us.

After all, they are not points which greatly occupy the minds of the day. The truths that we hold in common are precisely those which interest them, and which are calculated to bring them into communion one with another and to save them.

The evangelisation of our country cannot be the work of any one sect; it must be the work of all Christians, who must press into their service every means at their disposal—prayer, preaching, the press, and co-operation. To this work they must consecrate their persons and their lives. Let us not lose a moment; to-morrow it may be too late. Let us leave our state of isolation, the chief cause of our helplessness. Christians, by whatever name you are called, let us henceforth have but one—that of our common Master, Jesus Christ! Let us henceforth have but one banner, His own—the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God! Let us join hands in this

work, which is religious and at the same time patriotic. Let us preach Christ, and with one heart and soul labour for the salvation of France.

On behalf of the National Society for the Evangelisation of France,

A. Mettetal, Pastor of the Lutheran Church, Paris, *President*.

Théodore Monod, Pastor of the Reformed Church, Paris, *Vice-President*.

Eug. Reveillana, Publisher, *General Secretary*.

D. A. Lalot, Pastor of the Reformed Church, Paris, *Convener*.

Arthur de Rougement, 17, Rue Cheveot, *Treasurer*.

Hyacinthe Loyson (Père Hyacinthe), Rector of the Catholic-Gallican Church, Paris.

A. Gout, Pastor of the Reformed Church, Paris.

Duchemin, Pastor of the Reformed Church, Neuilly.

Prunier, Pastor of the Wesleyan Church, Paris.

Courtial, Vestryman of the Catholic-Gallican Church, Paris.

#### COMMITTEE OF FOUNDERS.

*Reply of M. Hyacinthe Loyson to the Address delivered by the Rev. Auguste Mettetal, formerly President of the Consistory of the Lutheran Church, Paris, on Sunday, March 19th, 1893, in the Catholic-Gallican Church, Rue d'Arras, Paris.*

I will only say a few words to you, my brethren, and that for two reasons—firstly, because my deep emotion will not allow me to do more; secondly, because I have really nothing left to say after what you have already heard.

You have listened to that eloquence of the heart

which is the greatest of all, and which, proceeding from the depths of the soul, is sure also to find an echo in the souls of those who listen.

Those of you who were able to hear our dear friend, the Rev. Auguste Mettetal, at the International Congress of Old Catholics held at Lucerne, have recognised that same thrilling accent, so full of holy passion, with which he pleaded and gained before that great assembly the cause of Christian union. This cause is ours, the one to which we have all devoted ourselves. It is the cause that I myself serve, and in it alone is centred all that I love ; it is the supreme end of all my actions. The words which M. Mettetal has just spoken, alluding in such a friendly manner to my address, I accept, not for myself, but for the cause to which I am devoted—the cause of Christian union and of the salvation of France through God and Jesus Christ !

But the words which our friend has spoken are less eloquent than his presence itself. It is a bold initiative, destined to bear much fruit, that he has taken in coming into our midst, wearing the official insignia of his ministry and that pastor's gown, which represents a Church that we respect all the more because it is, of all the Protestant Churches, the most closely allied to our own by its doctrines and traditions. He has come amongst Christians who most certainly desire reform, radical reform, but who at the same time desire to preserve with reverence the name of .



Catholics and to continue the Church of their Fathers by transforming it. The enthusiastic welcome which you have just extended to the Rev. A. Mettetal is a proof that you have understood him; but all Catholics, my brethren, are not animated by the same spirit as you are, and among the Protestants themselves there is routine and narrowness which we should not have looked for. M. Mettetal has passed this over in silence, and in so doing he has made a new departure, and has taken rank, perhaps without being aware of it himself, amongst the founders of the Church of the Future. One of the foremost and most respected pastors of the Reformed Church of France wrote to me as follows: "Who will give us an Evangelical Church which is not Protestant, a Catholic Church which is not Roman?" This is an excellent formula which in no way prevents us from accepting M. Mettetal's when he asserts that we must be Catholics and at the same time Protestants—Protestants to reject error, Catholics to guard the truth.

No one can worthily uphold Catholic truth who has not first of all protested against those errors which have become interwoven in it and impoverish it. No one has the right of speaking in the name of the primitive Church which our creed calls "holy, Catholic and Apostolic," who has not energetically protested against all the superstition and fanaticism which have crept into the teaching of her ministers, or the observances of the faithful, through the fault of men and also

through the fault of the times. For men are not always alone to be blamed ; there are errors which have sprung into birth, which have grown up, and of which it cannot be said that any man originated them. Yes, we will protest to our last breath against falsehood and error, wherever we meet them, be it in the Church of Rome or in other Churches ; against all coercion of conscience, against all adulteration of doctrine, against all that is offered to us as being the word of Christ when it is merely the word of man, often erroneous and always open to controversy. In acting thus we shall only be following those doctors and saints of the Middle Ages who besought "the reformation of the Church in its head and in its members." O eternal Protestantism which has ever nestled in the bosom of the Catholic Church, which has ever been her glory and which will yet prove her salvation !

And, when we have thus protested, when we have denounced and, as much as in us lies, stamped out error, we shall then feel that we have the right—yes, that it is our right and our duty—to affirm, to proclaim, to propagate the true Catholic faith ; a faith which is not that of Luther nor of Calvin, which is not that of the Popes, nor of the Patriarchs of Constantinople, nor of the Archbishops of Canterbury, but the faith of Jesus Christ, our only Master, the faith of His Apostles, who were sent by Him to teach men in His name, the faith of the early believers, and of the early Councils of the Church Universal. That is the

faith which enlightens and purifies souls, which raises the nations that have fallen, and it is that faith which, when it has been preached to France, will save her! Amen.

*Declaration to the Catholic Church, signed at Utrecht, September 24th, 1889, by John Heykamp (Archbishop of Utrecht), Jasper John Rinkel (Bishop of Harlem), Cornelius Dipendal (Bishop of Deventer), Joseph-Hubert Reinkens (Bishop of the Church of Old Catholics of Germany), Edward Herzog (Bishop of the Church of Catholic Christians of Switzerland).*

We trust that, while adhering strictly to the faith of the ancient and still undivided Church, theologians will succeed in coming to an understanding concerning those questions which have since caused divisions in the Church. Meanwhile we exhort the clergy placed under our supervision to lay special stress, in their preaching and teaching, on *those essential truths of the Christian faith to which the different and separate confessions adhere*, and carefully to avoid, when discussing points which are still under controversy, all that will produce friction of truth and charity; lastly, by word and example to show our parishioners how they must conduct themselves towards those who profess a belief different from their own, if they would act in the spirit of Jesus Christ, who is the Redeemer of us all.

*Declaration of the International Congress of Old Catholics, held at Lucerne, September, 1892.*

The Congress would gladly see brotherly meetings organised *between members of different Christian Communities*, meetings of edification, of charity, of mutual succour and of good works, *without distinction of creeds*.

The Congress wishes to recall the unceasing desire of Old Catholics to give evidence of their feelings of toleration and brotherhood, and that they have always offered and still offer in perfect sincerity an interchange of pulpits on the one condition that it is met with a reciprocity of feeling no less sincere. It insists the more strongly on this point, in that it considers the interchange of pulpits, *between Christians*, not only a mark of respect and brotherhood, but an excellent means of re-establishing religious peace, now more than ever necessary, and at the same time of confirming the liberty of conscience.

*To Monseigneur Gérard Gul, Archbishop of Utrecht.  
Neuilly, near Paris, March 3rd, 1893.*

MONSEIGNEUR,

After the solemn condemnation of the religious doctrines of our fathers by the Council of 1870, God deigned to make use of me to found and maintain in Paris a Catholic-Gallican Church, which numbers adherents in every part of France, and friends all the world over.

This very comforting but very difficult task absorbs my time and energies to such an extent that it does not allow me the leisure to devote myself freely to preaching, which is, I think, my real vocation. Therefore for a long time I have cherished the unceasing and ever-growing desire to resign my duties as Rector of the Church in the rue d'Arras, and as episcopal administrator of the work connected therewith, duties which have been imposed on me as much by the force of circumstances as by the choice of the faithful.

On no consideration, however, would I wish to abandon them to unworthy or uncertain hands.

This, Monseigneur, is why on various occasions I have addressed the venerable Church of Utrecht, the inheritor of the spirit of Port Royal, and destined by Providence—who can doubt it?—to come to the aid of the French Catholics.

Up to the present these negotiations have led to nothing; but the conversation that you honoured me with in Switzerland, on the occasion of the recent Congress of Lucerne, led me to hope that the moment so long wished for had at last arrived. I desire, then, to place in your hands my resignation of all the administrative charges confided to me by our Catholic-Gallican Church, begging you to consult with it, as early as possible, regarding my successor, and from this moment to take under your direction the work of Catholic Reform in France.

It is needless to say that as a faithful member of

that clergy whose head I have long been, my preaching, my energies, my whole life will be devoted more than ever to this work, to this reform, and to this Church. Were it possible that I could lose my interest in it, I should cease to be a Catholic and a Frenchman.

We are on the eve of great events in the Church Universal. All those who love her and wish to serve her must be possessed of a holy courage and at the same time of a holy prudence. Let us leave the dead to bury their dead and ourselves go forth to announce the Kingdom of God !

I beg you, Monseigneur, to accept the assurance of my profound respect and religious devotion.

HYACINTHE LOYSON,

*Late Rector of the Catholic-Gallican Church, Paris.*

*To the Very Reverend Hyacinthe Loyson, Priest of  
the Gallican Church.*

Utrecht, *March*, 1893.

VERY REVEREND SIR,—I received your letter of March 3rd with real pleasure. Whilst thanking you for the offer that you have made us, I am in a position to assure you that we all here appreciate your labours and zeal, as well as the difficulties you have had to undergo, in the work of the Gallican Church.

May God bless this work which He began through you, and may He establish it more and more !

I have availed myself of your resignation of all the administrative charges in connection with the Gallican Church in Paris, and, in accordance with your request, we will shortly delegate one of our priests to investigate matters on the spot and to settle them provisionally, as far as is necessary.

Believe me, Sir, with deep respect,

Your servant and brother in Jesus Christ,

G. GUL,

*Archbishop of Utrecht.*

*Supplementary Note.*

*November 30th, 1894.*

The hopes that I had placed in the ancient Church of Utrecht have been cruelly deceived.

I regret to say that the representatives of this Church have not understood the mission they had to fulfil in France. The work which they are endeavouring to found here, and which has hardly anything save its name in common with that which they were pledged to continue, is doomed at its birth. Instead of a broad centre of apostleship, liberal and French as well as evangelical, they have a little chapel which bears the distinctive marks of a foreign nationality and a superannuated theology. The church I gave over into their hands was full to overflowing; in a few weeks it was almost entirely abandoned by its congregation.

The future, however, promises better things—at

least I trust so. The Jansenist clergy of the Netherlands are able, if they will, to free themselves from all that is defective in their traditions. To accomplish this it is only necessary to allow that spirit of reform and progress which is secretly at work amongst them to continue its slow but sure course.

A vicar of Utrecht, who is now dead, the estimable M. Rol, was the anonymous author of a tract written some years ago to this effect. It was entitled "*Didaskalos*," and, though M. Rol did not dare to sign it, he wrote to me as follows on the eve of its publication: "I hope that my work will not be in vain, and that it will bear fruit acceptable above all to the Master of the Church—the fruit of *renovation* for my old Church, now expiring after so many heroic combats; the fruit of *union* with you as regards those questions which separate us and which are entirely questions of discipline." M. Rol does not go far enough; it must not be exclusively a reform of discipline, as he seems to imply. Such a reform would have no *raison d'être*, the very principle of its vital force and success would be wanting, if, in severing all connection with the Vatican Council, it remained fettered to the Council of Trent. For my part, I would not sign the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican clergy, which, as far as that goes, are not a profession of faith, but a sort of *syllabus* drawn up with more or less skill; but no more would I accept the profession of faith of Pope Pius IV., which is a summary of the doctrines of the



Council of Trent, and which still serves as a basis for the theological teaching of the Church of Utrecht.

I am not called upon to judge between the small Old Catholic Church of Holland and the great Episcopalian Church of England, America, and Australia, for which Döllinger professed so great an admiration, and which has just been the object of the flattering advances of Pope Leo XIII. I intend to remain Gallican—by that I mean French. If, however, I had to choose between these two branches of Catholic Reform, the small and the great, the dead and the living, I could not hesitate.

HYACINTHE LOYSON.





